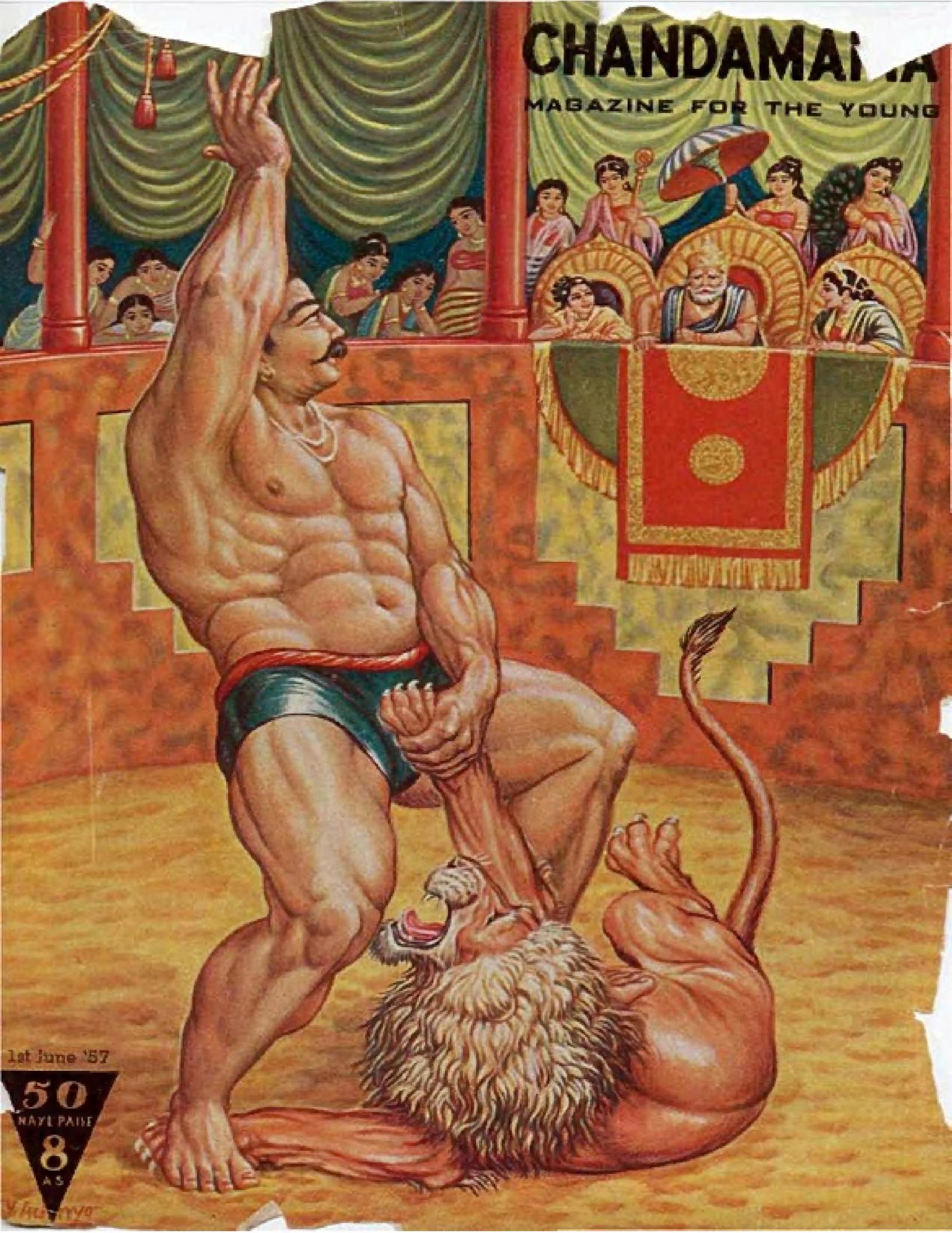


CHANDAMAI

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



1st June '57

50
PAGE
8
AS

Chennai, June '57

Photo by S. H. Kodak



Winning
Caption

FEED ME IF YOU CARE

Contributed by
Miss N. Balakrishna - Madras

Releasing Shortly!



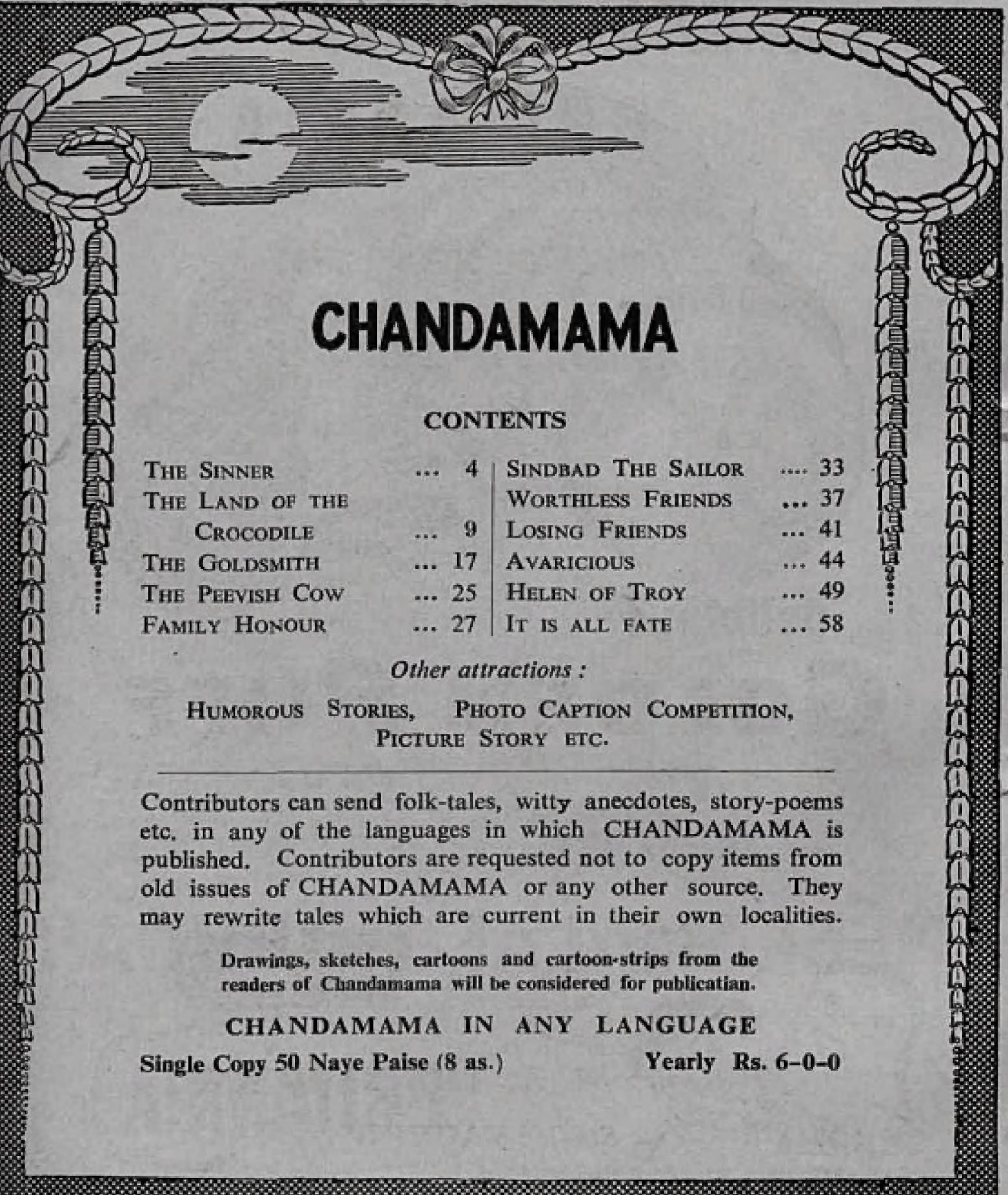
Devar Films

NEELAMALAI THIRUDAN

TAMIL

Direction : M. A. THIRUMUGAM

Studio : VAUHINI



CHANDAMAMA

CONTENTS

THE SINNER	...	4	SINDBAD THE SAILOR	...	33
THE LAND OF THE			WORTHLESS FRIENDS	...	37
CROCODILE	...	9	LOSING FRIENDS	...	41
THE GOLDSMITH	...	17	AVARICIOUS	...	44
THE PEEVISH COW	...	25	HELEN OF TROY	...	49
FAMILY HONOUR	...	27	IT IS ALL FATE	...	58

Other attractions :

HUMOROUS STORIES, PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION,
PICTURE STORY ETC.

Contributors can send folk-tales, witty anecdotes, story-poems etc. in any of the languages in which CHANDAMAMA is published. Contributors are requested not to copy items from old issues of CHANDAMAMA or any other source. They may rewrite tales which are current in their own localities.

Drawings, sketches, cartoons and cartoon-strips from the readers of Chandamama will be considered for publication.

CHANDAMAMA IN ANY LANGUAGE

Single Copy 50 Naye Paise (8 as.)

Yearly Rs. 6-0-0

made EXCLUSIVELY
by BRITANNIA !



delicious

GOLDEN PUFF



Fresh and crisp, flaky and nutritious, Britannia's GOLDEN PUFFS are biscuits for the adult which children also love. Ideal to take with tea or coffee, they go well with jam, butter or cheese, kababs or curries. On picnics they make tasty snacks. Try them—they'll melt in your mouth. Buy a tin and enjoy the oven-fresh flavour of GOLDEN PUFFS, Britannia's exclusive biscuits !

better biscuits

BRITANNIA

THE BRITANNIA BISCUIT COMPANY LTD.

BC 1392

For
NEAT EXECUTION
AND
PROMPT DELIVERY
in printing

*Our Services are
Dependable !*

*
ART SECTION ATTACHED
ALLIED TO BLOCK MAKING,
LITHO AND OFFSET CONCERN

THE
B. N. K. PRESS
(PRIVATE) LTD.,
VADAPALANI :: MADRAS - 26

PHONE : 88474

A Request To Subscribers

Your next issue of CHANDAMAMA will be posted during the last week of the month. Complaints regarding non-receipt of the copy should be made to your Postmaster before 10th of the following month under intimation to us.

Complaints received after that date cannot be entertained.

Circulation Manager

Agents Wanted

If there is no agent at your place, you can remit Rs. 3/- and get 8 copies under Small Agency Scheme. You profit Re. 1/- by it.

For details write to :

CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS,
VADAPALANI :: MADRAS-26

Sweet Smelling



 Cools the Brain.
Sold everywhere

SOLE AGENT:-

M.M.KHAMBATWALA
RAIPUR, AHMEDABAD - 1

DSW

PHONE: 51802

WE DON'T SAY

WE ARE

THE REST

but

WE DO

our Best

in

Posters

Calendars

Cartons

Labels

Booklets

Folders

For Everything in Off-Set Printing

Symbol of Quality Printing...

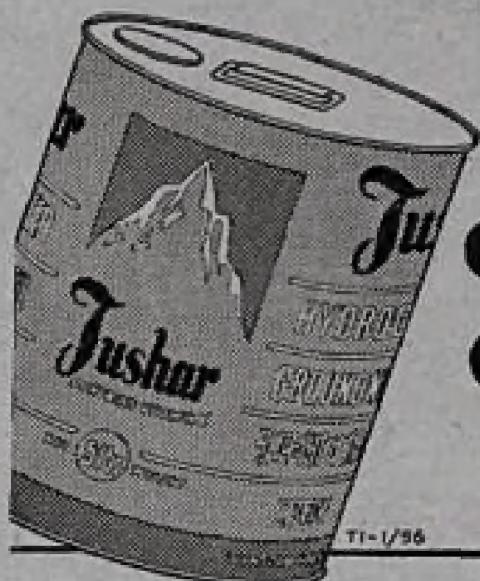


PRASAD PROCESS (PRIVATE) LTD.

VADAPALANI, MADRAS-26



*Study exhausts
energy . . .*

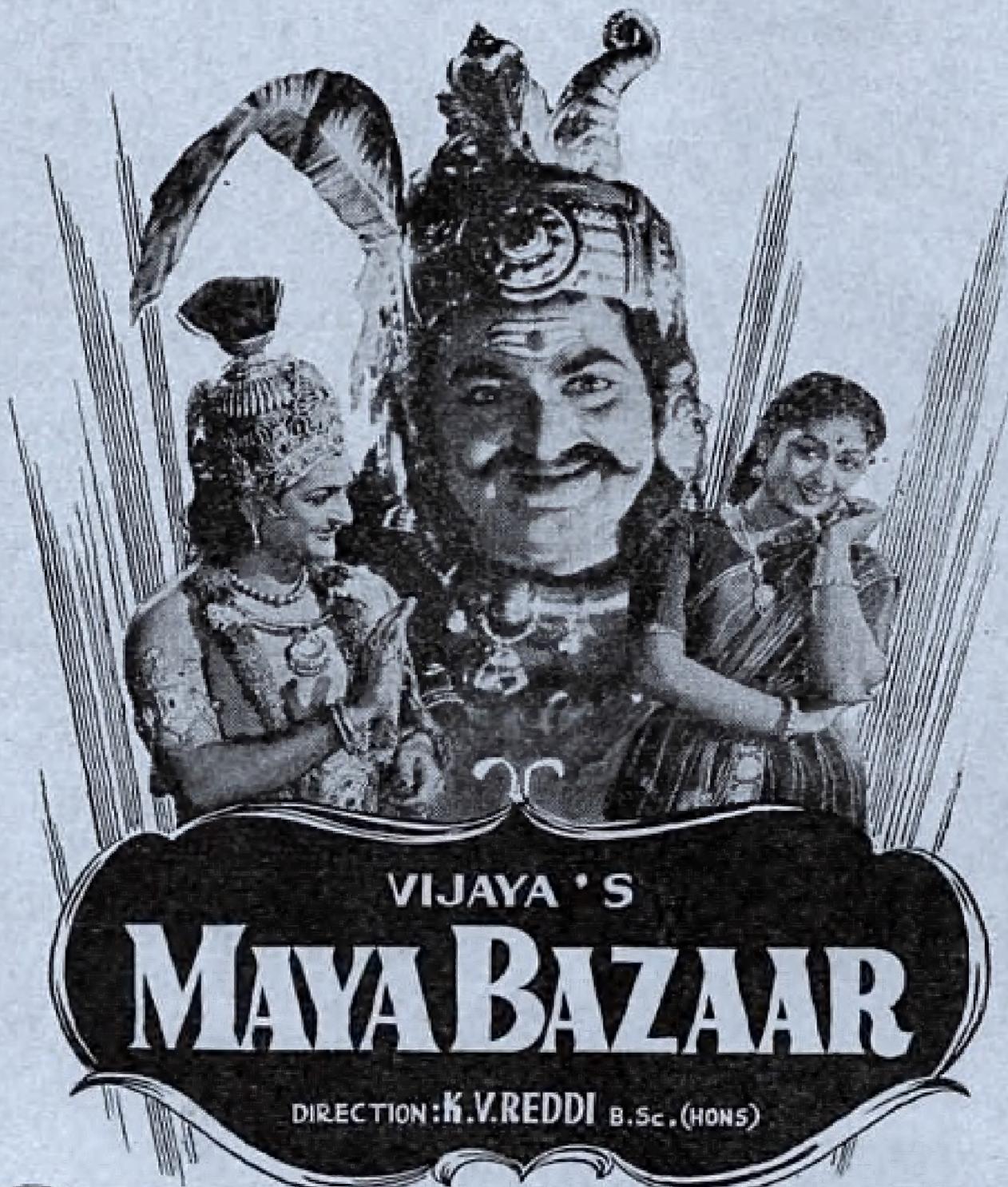


Tushar

IS VITAMINISED YANASPATI

TUNGABHADRA INDUSTRIES LTD.
KURNOOL

For Family entertainment





CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

GREED is one of the great obstacles to man's spiritual and moral growth. He who has greed is never satiated, he becomes incapable of distinguishing right from wrong. He becomes a stranger to his own friends and well-wishers. His life comes to resemble a ship without a rudder on a stormy sea.

In the story, "THE SINNER" (Jataka Tale) Mitra-vindaka is a victim of greed. He rejects the good advice of his mother. Though he has two million he wants more. To this end he decides to trade on the seas. When his mother tries to stop him, he smites her. Even when the other sailors put him on a raft and let him drift on the seas, his eyes are not opened. He finds happiness with the spirits of the dead. He falls so low as to envy the man in hell, who is carrying the razor-wheel. Thus he brings the wheel on himself. By the time he realises that he has brought suffering on himself through his greed, nothing but Death can save him.

NO. 6

JUNE 1957

VOL. 4



THE FRONT COVER

AS soon as the Pandavas and Droupadi were dressed for their new roles, Yudhisthira started out to seek employment with King Virata. "O King," he said, "they call me Kanka. I was once at the Court of the Pandavas. I am expert at dice-throwing. Please take me into your service." King Virata agreed gladly.

Droupadi was the next to enter the citadel. To those who accosted her she replied, "I am a Free Woman. I shall serve whoever is willing to support me."

Queen Sudheshna sent for her and asked her, "Who are you?" "Madam," Droupadi said. "I served as a handmaid to Satya Bhama as well as Droupadi. I am called Malini. Hair-doing and decorating are my speciality."

"You are such a charming woman," the Queen asked her, "are you not afraid of being molested by the King or the other males of the palace?"

"Madam," Droupadi replied. "Five angels are always near me, protecting me. I fear none!"

Queen Sudheshna took her into service.

Then Bhima went to the King and said, "O King, I am Vallava the cook. Kindly take me into your service. Though cooking is my profession, I come in handy as a wrestler whenever you need me."

King Virata engaged Bhima as his cook, and Bhima often used to entertain the King by wrestling with and defeating not only other strong men but also the lions and other fierce beasts of the jungle.



THE SINNER

WHEN Brahma-datta ruled Banaras, there lived in that city a very rich merchant who had a son named Mitra-vindaka. This Mitra-vindaka was a wicked unbeliever.

After his father's death, his mother tried to persuade him to give alms, practise virtue and follow the Dharma. The boy turned a deaf ear to his mother and refused to change his way of life.

On a full-moon day, the mother said to Mitra-vindaka, "Son, it is a holy day. There will be preaching all the night. Take the vows, go to the cloister and listen to the Law. When you come

back I will give you a thousand pieces of money."

For the sake of the money Mitra-vindaka consented. He went to the cloister, but instead of listening to the Law, he lay down in a corner and slept. Early in the morning, he washed his face and went home.

The mother who was expecting her son to return with the Elder who preached the Law, prepared food and awaited them. She was disappointed to see the son come alone.

"Why did you not bring the preacher?" she asked.

"No preacher for me, mother," Mitra-vindaka replied.

He ate his food and took the thousand pieces of money from his mother and went about his business.

Soon he gained a sum of two millions in trade.

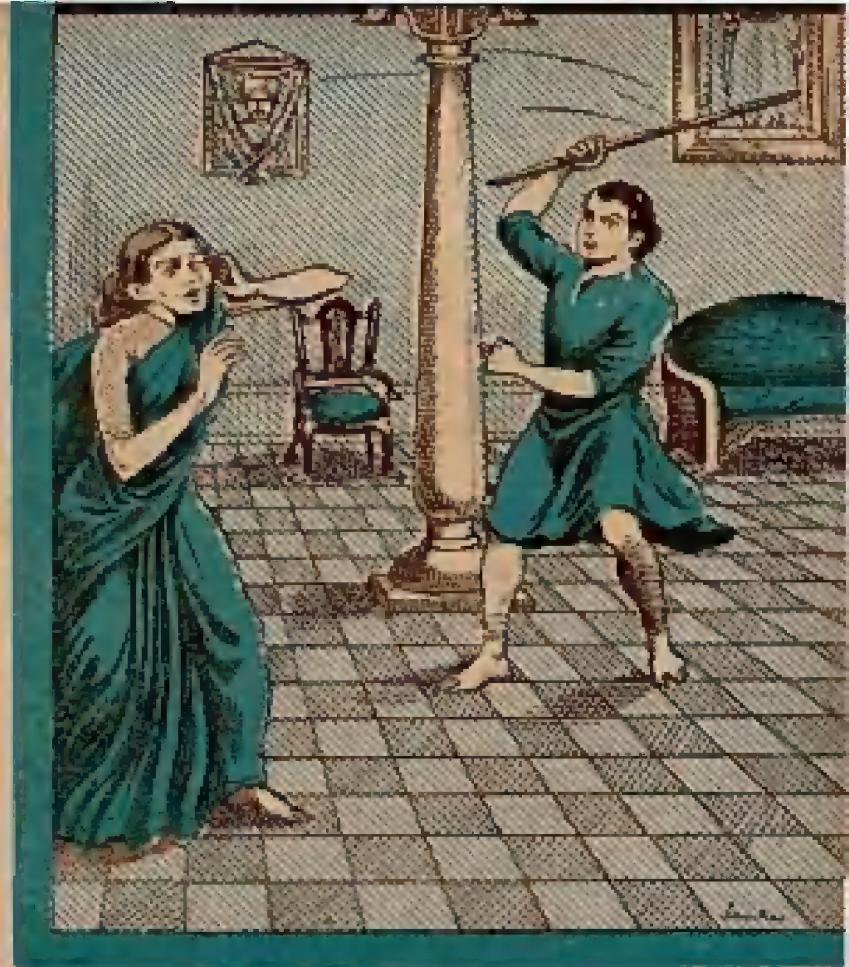
"With this money," he speculated, "I shall buy a ship and trade across the seas and make more money!"

He bought the ship, loaded it with cargo and went to his mother to tell her that he was going on the seas.

"You are my only son," said the mother. "You have so much money. What more do you want? It is dangerous to go on the seas. Do not go."

Mitra-vindaka, however, insisted on going. The mother caught him by the hand and entreated him to stay. The boy struck her down and was gone. Soon he was under way.

The ship sailed for seven days on the sea without a hitch. But



on the eighth day, in mid-ocean, it became immovable. Lots were cast in order to find out which one aboard was the cause of the mishap, and Mitra-vindaka got the lot.

Thrice the lot was cast and all the three times Mitra-vindaka got it!

"Let us not perish for the sake of one," the sailors said to Mitra-vindaka. "You are the cause of trouble. So leave the ship!"

They gave him a raft and cast him adrift on the sea. At once the ship sprang forward and was gone.

Soon the raft took Mitra-vinda-kā to an isle.

There he found a crystal palace in which four female spirits of the dead lived. Seven days they spent happily and seven days in woe.

For seven days he lived with them and was very happy.

Then when their week of woe began, he got on to his raft and went away.

He went to another isle where he saw eight spirits, lived with them for a week and when their week of woe started, went away to another isle where he lived with sixteen spirits and yet another where he lived with thirty-two spirits.

Leaving them he went on his raft across the sea till he came to



a city with four gates and a wall. This was Ussada Hell, but it looked beautiful to him. "I shall enter the city and become its king," he thought.

He entered the city and saw a man with a razor-wheel on his head and five fold fetters on his breast. The wheel cut into his head, he was bleeding and groaning with pain.

But to Mitra-vindaka he looked like the king of the place,

the wheel like a lotus flower, the fetters like rich vesture and his groans like sweet music.

He approached the man and said, "Let me also wear that beautiful lotus on my head. You have been wearing it long enough!"

"Sir, this is no lotus," said the man. "This is the razor-wheel,"

"Ah, because you don't wish to give it," Mitra-vindaka said, "you say so!"



“This man is here,” thought the tortured man, “because of smiting his mother, like me. He has come to release me. Must be, I have paid for my sin.”

Then the man put the razor-wheel on Mitra-vindaka’s head and departed.

By and by, Bodhisatva who was King of the gods came there on his rounds, with a large retinue. He saw Mitra-vindaka with the razor-wheel on his head and the five fold fetters on his breast, and halted before him.

“O Lord,” Mitra-vindaka asked him, “how can I get rid of this razor-wheel?”

The King of the gods replied: “You had money, but you

wanted more. Your desires were never satisfied. Even when you did a good deed it was only out of selfishness, but not out of a pure heart. You lived with four spirits, then with eight spirits, sixteen spirits, and finally thirty-two spirits. You never cared to tread the highest path of a human being. You rejected the friendly advice of the man who was bearing the razor-wheel before you, and brought the wheel on yourself. Now you want to be saved. No one except Death can save you from the wheel!”

Then the Divine Being departed, leaving Mitra-vindaka in misery.





The Land Of The Crocodile

6

[There was a popular revolt in Kundalini and the army, too, joined it. Samarsen, the Commander-in-Chief, did not at first realise the seriousness of the situation, but when he did he consented to deal with it himself, according to the wishes of Siva-dutt. To keep the insurgents in check wild animals were let loose in the courtyard of the palace.]

MANDARA-DEVA could not help smiling when Siva-dutt told him how Samarsen had summarised the situation.

"You say that the rebels outside the city as well as those outside the palace wanted to dethrone the King," he said to Siva-dutt. "Did it matter, then, who was to be the new leader of the people?"

"You are right," Siva-dutt replied, nodding his head. "But Samarsen was not in a mood to think so coherently. The situation was full of confusion. 'That is about the size of it, Samarsen,' I said. 'I personally feel that it is better to dethrone the King and drive away the external enemy with the aid of the people than to let the outsiders grab the throne.'

“ ‘I quite agree with you,’ Samarsen said to me. ‘King Chitra-sena is too old. He has no heir either. It should not be very difficult to persuade him to give up the throne. Once we satisfy the people, the enemy behind the fort walls can be beaten quite easily. The people themselves can put up the necessary effort.’

“ Even as we were expressing these ideas King Chitra-sena joined us.

As soon as the people outside the palace caught sight of the

King they vehemently shouted, “Down with the King! Down with Kingship!”

“ ‘Ah, Samarsen,’ said King Chitra-sena as he approached us, ‘I stood on the battlement on top of the fort wall and saw the tents of those who are ready to assault us any minute. And I am fully conscious of the feelings of our people towards me. One who has forgotten the needs of his people and lost himself in his own entertainments and festivities is not fit to continue to sit on the throne, and that is a fact. Let



me pay heed to the will of the people and give up not only my throne but something more valuable!"

Then he stepped onto the balcony.

"Both of us, Samarsen and I, were nonplussed when the King spoke those words. We could not utter a word. 'Good people of Kundalini!' the King shouted, waving his hands and trying to draw the attention of the masses, 'I acknowledge your indignation as well as your just demands. I was so immersed in my own

diversions that I failed to look into your troubles and tribulations. So you have every reason to demand my abdication. I will set aside not only my crown, but something much more valuable to me. Only, I want you to obey Samarsen who shall be your leader in future!"

"This speech provoked cheers and shouts of joy from the people. But, the next moment, the King took a leap from the balcony.

"For a moment we were dazed, Samarsen and I. Then we look-





ed down. King Chitra-sena was evidently dead. He lay there and did not move at all.

"The fatal jump of the King appeared to have scared the wild animals down below, for they scattered away in all directions. As for the people, they too were quite dazed.

"'He has done it now!' Samarsen muttered, supporting himself against a pillar. 'It is all over!' There was a wet glint in his eyes.

"I looked at the people. They were very quiet. What they had

witnessed petrified them. Samarsen himself stood motionless while Naravahana appeared to be deprived of his senses.

"Soon the Keeper of the animals ran there, shouting. 'O Commander, what now, what now?'

"He wanted to say something more, but I motioned to him to keep quiet and come near me. 'Get back the beasts into their cages,' I said to him, 'for I am going to have the gates opened in a few minutes. So you must look sharp about it. I also want you to remove the body of His Majesty and take it to a safe place.'

"Samarsen was aware of my instructions to the Keeper of the animals. Naravahana, who was standing slightly away from me, gave me a sharp look and went onto the balcony.

"Presently the beasts were all locked up. His Majesty was removed to a proper place. Samarsen and I went down the staircase and walked towards the palace gate.

“As we approached the gate there was a stir amongst the people. ‘Hail Samarsen!’ they shouted. The noise seemed to fill earth and heaven.

“The gate was thrown open and there was a hush as Samarsen stepped forward, cleared his throat, and said, ‘Good people of Kundalini! I do not propose to speak of things past. But no one can deny the fact that anarchy raised its ugly head in the land. Let us not waste time trying to find out as to who is to blame. We no longer have a King and the question of loyalty to the Crown does not arise either. What we now want is patriotism in every citizen and absolute unity!’

“The people responded to this speech by shouting, ‘Long live Kundalini!’

“‘Our enemy is waiting outside the wall, ready to wage war on us. Protect the capital first, and then the country! I want everyone capable of handling a weapon to volunteer for battle,’ Samarsen said.



“There was a great rush. People pushed forward shouting, ‘Give me a sword,’ ‘I want a battle-axe!’, ‘A bow and arrows—’ and so on.

“Samarsen looked back and saw Naravahana standing immediately behind him. ‘Now is your chance, Naravahana,’ he said. ‘You can collect an army very easily now! Go ahead!’

“I then followed Samarsen onto the fort wall. We could see the tents of the enemy which stood like mushrooms while the enemy soldiers, who were en-



gaged in exercises, appeared like a line of ants.

"'Siva-dutt,' Samarsen said, turning to me, 'the enemy is well-versed in warfare. They are no rabble. Look at their exercises; they are a lot of well-trained soldiers.' Samarsen judged well. A rabble could never have conducted itself like the soldiers we saw exercising in the distance.

"I looked down at the moat by the fort wall and found that it did not have enough water in it. I called a soldier and ordered that more water should be fed into the moat. Then Samarsen turned to me and said, 'Siva-dutt, I shall command the forces since there is no alternative. But I want you to defend the fort. What do you say to that?'

"I could not readily agree to this, since if I had to defend the fort it meant that I could not follow Samarsen into battle and fight by his side. Besides, Naravahana would be assisting Samarsen on the battle-field, a thing I did not relish. Even as



I was wondering how I could get round this difficulty, Naravahana arrived.

"'My commander,' he said, 'I have conscripted two thousand well-trained soldiers. Also I have armed four thousand able-bodied citizens from among the populace. I await your further orders.'

"'I think two thousand armed men will be enough to defend the fort?' Samarsen queried, turning to me. I nodded my head and he went on, 'Well, you shall be responsible for the defence of the fort. I shall be leading to

battle a force consisting of two thousand trained soldiers and two thousand armed men. Secure the gates of the fort behind us.'

"As soon as the army departed I ordered the gates to be closed, and set about organising defence measures, taking along with me my band of twenty-five soldiers. I was not quite sure that the people who were supplied with arms had the capacity to use them. I had a job even to stand them in a line. At the slightest provocation they fell to quarrelling among themselves and splitting up into several groups.

"From the gates I went up to the battlements. I saw that the camp of the enemy was astir when Samarsen's army came within sight of them. They began to reach for their arms

and fall into lines. The cavalry took their positions in front of the infantry. A few small contingents split away, evidently with the intention of teasing Samarsen's army from various sides.

"I sensed that a large-scale conflict between the two main armies would not take place and that there would be no decisive victory or defeat for some time. I saw a dozen cavalry men make a sudden dash at Samarsen's forces, make a quick hit and scatter away immediately, wounding and killing as many as they could. Samarsen was not prepared for such sorties. He halted his armies, called forth his cavalry and divided them up into small contingents.

(To be continued)





THE GOLDSMITH

ONCE again, Vikram went to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder, and began to walk in the direction of the burial-ground.

"O King," said the Bethal of the corpse, "if only you knew how ungrateful men are you would not be undergoing all this hardship for someone else. The very persons whom you have helped become deadly enemies to you the moment you displease them a little. Lohita the goldsmith provides a good instance. Let me tell you his odd tale." And he began as follows:

During the days when Valabhi was a great centre of commerce, a man called Dhana-gupta lived there. He came from a

distant place and settled there and so he had neither kith nor kin in that city. He led a lonely life for the most part, his associations with others being that of a money-lender. After some time Dhana-gupta became old. He was reputed to possess gold and silver worth five or six lakhs.

One evening, about nightfall, he was returning from a neighbouring village when he was attacked by robbers on the way. He was hit very hard on the head and fell down bleeding and unconscious.

Later, Dhana-gupta regained consciousness and began to continue his journey. Walking on at a slow pace, he reached the outskirts of the city around midnight. Here he saw an open gate, with a man standing beside it.

The man was a goldsmith called Lohita. He had earned some money by his trade, but had lost all of it through his efforts to make gold. His life's ambition was to turn lead into silver and brass into gold.

At that moment he was alone in his house, his wife having gone



to see her dying father. Lohita had spent the whole day near his furnace and, only a few minutes ago, he had come out to cool himself.

Lohita did not recognise Dhana-gupta at first, yet he ran forward to help the tottering old man. It was only when he saw the man in the light of the furnace that he identified him. "Is it you?" he asked in surprise. "How did it happen?"

"Robbers!" said Dhana-gupta. "They cracked my skull!" The next moment he was dead.

Lohita could not decide what to do. He could shout and wake up his neighbours, but they might accuse him of killing the old man for his money. Dhana-gupta was no longer alive to tell them the truth. No one had seen him enter Lohita's house. So, the best thing for Lohita was to be rid of the old man altogether.

And then Lohita recollects that this old man was reputed to have put by large quantities of wealth. Now that he was dead and there was no one to inherit his wealth, it would be confiscated





by the King. Lohita decided that he would obtain it and keep it for himself.

Lohita was very devoted as a husband and a father. He struggled to make gold mainly for the benefit of his wife and children. He now decided to get at the wealth of Dhana-gupta only for their sake.

He found a bunch of keys on the body of the dead man. With them he went to his house. The streets were deserted. Lohita entered the house, opened the iron-safe and found in it all the

gold and silver Dhana-gupta had. Lohita put all this gold and silver into a sack, closed the safe, locked the house, and returned to his own house.

By daybreak, Lohita had concealed all the gold and silver in the loft, and had disposed of the dead body by burying it six feet deep in his own backyard.

No one appeared to miss Dhana-gupta for a couple of days, and then the inquiries started. The last thing that was known about him was that he had started for Valabhi at nightfall from the neighbouring village. After that no one had seen him—except Lohita. It was presumed that Dhana-gupta was dead somewhere, somehow. The King's representatives came to confiscate the dead man's belongings. They broke into the house, broke the safe open and, to their dismay, found very little money in it. But there was nothing to indicate that any theft had occurred.

Soon everybody stopped talking about Dhana-gupta. Lohita

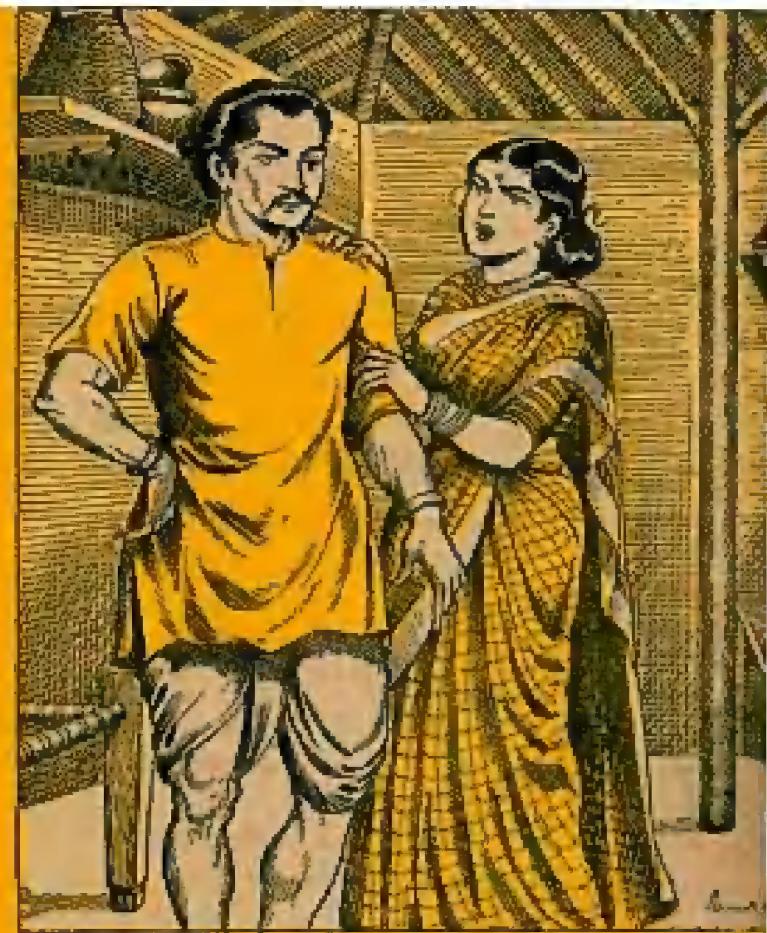
thought that he was now quite safe. Shortly afterwards his wife and children returned and his mind was at rest.

"My dear," Lohita said to his wife, one day, "I heard that there is a great hermit at Banaras who knows how to make gold. I want to meet him and learn the secret. It will take six months for me to make the journey."

His wife would not listen to it. "Stop worrying about gold. You are more than all the gold in the world to me, and I won't bear to be away from you even for six days. Whatever you earn by your trade is enough for us to live happily."

She was so adamant that Lohita had to take her into his confidence and he told her the entire secret. He also showed her the gold and silver hidden away in the loft.

"You see," he told her, "we cannot enjoy all this unless I pretend to go to Banaras. For six months I shall wander here and there. After that we can openly live a luxurious life."



In order to allay all suspicion, Lohita borrowed from friends the expenses for his trip to Banaras and for the maintenance of his family for six months. Then he went away.

At the end of the six months Lohita returned. No one saw him arrive since he came about midnight. Next morning, he invited all his friends and acquaintances to come and see how he had come back a rich man, thanks to the kindness of the hermit in Banaras. Lohita's friends were completely deceiv-

ed. They complimented him on his luck and wished him all happiness.

Soon Lohita's story got about and a certain great man of the King's court began to covet Lohita's astounding wealth. This gentleman had a daughter who was remarkable for her good looks. The gentleman thought that Lohita should get rid of his wife and children and marry his own daughter and lead a more dignified life. He picked up Lohita's acquaintance by which Lohita was greatly flat-

tered. After a time the gentleman showed his daughter to Lohita and said, "Strangely enough, this girl has fallen in love with you! She refuses to marry anyone else. I know that you deserve her."

Lohita was so overpowered by this chance of achieving aristocracy that he readily agreed to marry the gentleman's daughter.

When Lohita's wife heard about this marriage she was in terrible distress. She wept a great deal. She begged her husband not to marry again.



"You do not know anything," Lohita replied. "It is too late now. Everything is settled."

Now she was certain that Lohita did not love her and her children any more, and she almost went mad. In a state of frenzy she ran to the minister, and said to him, "Your Highness, my husband murdered Dhana-gupta and robbed his wealth. The corpse was buried in our own backyard. You can have it dug up if you don't believe me!"

This was found to be true when the King's men went to Lohita's

house and dug up the backyard. Lohita was tried for murder and theft. He revealed the true facts but no one would believe him and he was sentenced to death.

The entire property of Lohita was confiscated and he was hanged. His wife, who still loved him, burned herself on his funeral pyre.

Having narrated this story, Bethal said, "O King, who was responsible for the ruination that befell Lohita's family? Was it his own wife, who brought a false charge against her husband, on



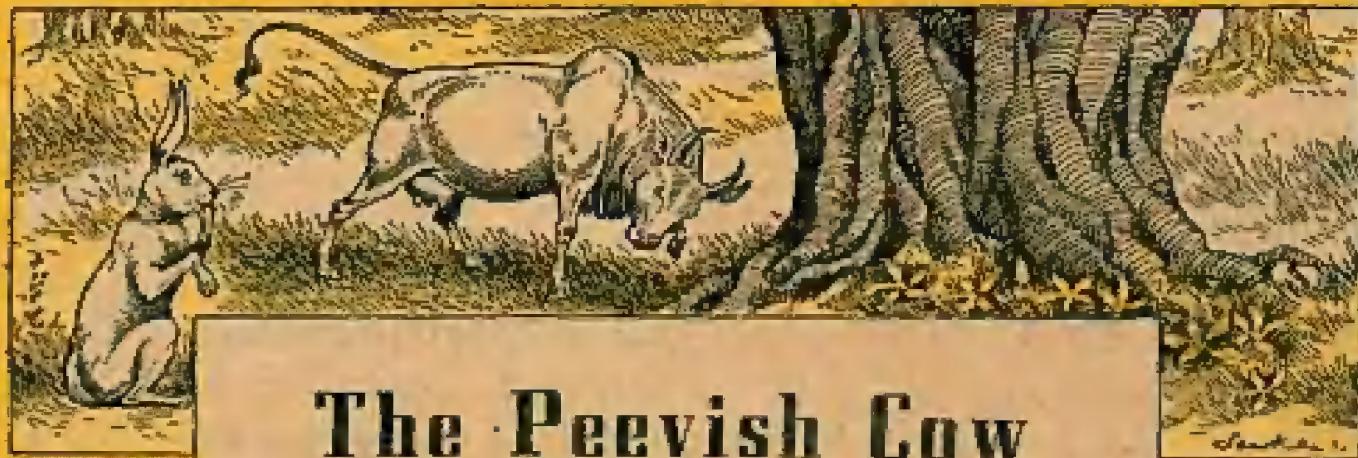
account of blind jealousy? Was it Lohita himself, who had robbed Dhana-gupta? Or was it the King, who failed to realise that Lohita was innocent of the murder? If you know the answer and still refuse to speak, your head shall split."

"Lohita's wife cannot be blamed for the disaster that befell Lohita's family," Vikram replied. "If she was jealous, she was also very much in love with her husband. She did the one possible thing for preventing the marriage between her husband and another woman. She was not at all happy that her husband died, for she too died with him. Lohita was not to blame either. He did not commit theft, for by then the owner of the property was already dead and there were no heirs. If Dhana-

gupta had lived a few more minutes, perhaps, he would have asked Lohita to take his wealth. Nor can I blame the King, for all available evidence pointed out that Lohita was the murderer of Dhana-gupta, money being the motive. Now, I believe, the wealth of Dhana-gupta was the root-cause for the ruination of Lohita's family. But for that wealth Dhana-gupta would not have died, Lohita would not have had the offer of the hand of an aristocratic girl. It was the same money that drove Lohita's wife to madness which resulted in her bringing a false charge against the husband she had loved so much, even in his poverty!"

The King's silence was broken, and Bethal disappeared with the corpse and returned to the tree.





The Peevish Cow

HAVING fooled Buzzard, Rabbit ran away and came within sight of his house, when he met Cow.

Now, Rabbit had a score to settle with this same Cow who had been refusing him milk again and again.

"Hello, auntie," said Rabbit. "How do you do?"

"I'm all right," said Cow. "How about you?"

"I'm well, thank you!" said Rabbit. Then he looked up into the tree above, and said, "I feel like eating some of those nice fruit up there!"

"Why don't you eat them then?" Cow asked.

"I can't climb up the tree," Rabbit replied. "If only someone would shake the tree

and bring the ripe ones down! If you could butt the trunk with your head—but no! You are not strong enough for that!"

"I can't butt the tree, you say?" retorted Cow, nettled.

Then she lowered her head and came dashing against the trunk of the tree. But the fruit on the tree were quite green and not one fell down. "Didn't I tell you?" said Rabbit. "You are not strong enough by half."

This nettled the Cow more. She backed away from the tree to a greater distance and, with lowered head, rushed at the tree with such force that both of her horns got stuck in the trunk of the tree. "Good heavens!" Rabbit said, "Let me run for Uncle Bull's assistance."

Soon Rabbit and all the members of his household arrived with pails and milked the cow to the last drop, and departed.

Cow was fuming with rage. She struggled all through the night and, at last, got her horns free from the tree as day was breaking.

But she wanted to punish Rabbit for his mischief, so she re-inserted her horns loosely into the tree, and waited.

Unfortunately for Cow, Rabbit was watching her take out her horns and thrust them back in the tree. But he came along whistling as though he did not see anything, and said, "Why, auntie, I thought you would be free by now!"

"I could," Cow replied "if you pulled me by my tail."

"I will," Rabbit said and pretended to go behind Cow.

In a flash Cow removed her horns from the tree and jumped around. But, by then, Rabbit was gone quite far, and he kept running. And Cow chased him.

Having outdistanced Cow, Rabbit entered a bush and began to peep through the leaves. Soon Cow came along panting.

"Hello, auntie," Rabbit cried out. "What is up?"

Cow saw only the eyes of Rabbit and took him for Deer.

"Have you seen that wily Rabbit, my dear?" Cow asked.

"I saw him just now," Rabbit replied "He was limping. Run after him."

"That I will," Cow said. She began to run on, while Rabbit lay on his back and laughed.





Family Honour

IN a certain country there was a zamindar belonging to a very ancient and honourable family. So the zamindar was sensitive about his family honour and he would sacrifice anything for it. In other respects the zamindar was not a very bright person ; his chief recreation was playing with his pet monkey.

Now, this zamindar had a son named Mukund. One day, this boy, took it into his head that he should marry the King's daughter. He sought his father's opinion and advice.

"My son," the zamindar said, "whatever you do is agreeable to me, provided you do not bring shame to our family."

So Mukund went to the King and said, "Your Highness, I

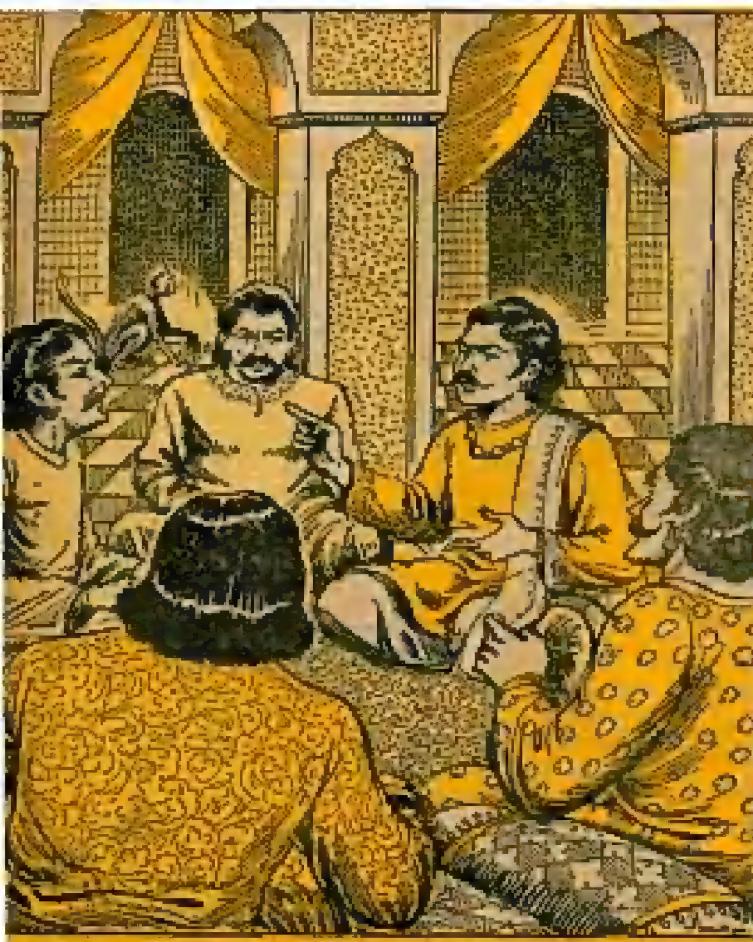
have decided to marry your daughter, the princess. You know the great prestige of my family. Call your *purohit* and fix a good *muhurt* for our wedding."

The King stared at the boy for a moment, turned to his servants and said, "Throw this muff out!" The King's servants obediently threw Mukund out.

The zamindar heard about it and became disconsolate. His honour was trampled in the mud. He could no longer look anyone in the face. He forbade his son from showing his face to him.

Then he sent for the members of his clan and told them the sad news.

"What a shame! What a disgrace!" said his relations.



"This disgrace is not mine alone, it is yours too," said the zamindar. "You think of the means for restoring our prestige and advise me what I should do!"

"Drive Mukund out, in the first place," one advised.

"And then you can lie down on your death-bed. This sort of disgrace will not be wiped out except with blood!" another asserted.

"That is well said," said others. "This stain will not be washed unless someone is prepared to die!" This was very sound

advice as far as the relations of the zamindar were concerned. For, once Mukund was outlawed and the zamindar was dead, his property could be divided among these relatives.

"I could gladly die for the honour of the family," said the zamindar, "but I am reliably told by the astrologers that I am destined to live out a hundred years."

"Don't believe it," said one of the relations. "These astrologers are frightful liars."

"Yet," went on the zamindar, "I promise you that somebody will be sacrificed for the sake of the honour of our family."

Then he sent his relations away, and he went to his wife and said, "You know, my dear, that our prestige has received a terrible blow, it is only proper that someone should lay down his life for it. Since I appear to be blessed with a very long life, it would be proper if you die instead. Having a son, you have fulfilled the role of a mother and going in advance of the husband is an

extremely desirable thing for any woman. More than everything else, imagine the glory of dying for the honour of the family—a great opportunity that is ready to fall to you!"

"Must I die right now?" the lady asked. "Can't I die later?"

"The sooner the better," said the zamindar, handing her a silk cord. "I advise you to concentrate your mind on God when you hang yourself with this cord."

The zamindar went away.

His wife thought for a long while. She knew that her husband was an idiot. It would be foolish to die for his sake.

She called the cook and said to him, "Listen carefully. Last night, I had a dream in which Lord Sankar and Parvati appeared and said to me that, if I died tonight I would be re-born as an emperor's daughter. *And the one who died along with me tonight will be my husband in my next birth!* I must have sinned in my last birth to get a fool for my husband in this one. Now, you are a really clever fellow and I



want you to marry me in my next birth. Take this cord and hang yourself. I am going to take poison and join you shortly."

She gave the cord to the cook. "Very good, madam," said the cook, taking the cord in his shaking hands. He went back to the kitchen and sat there thinking for a very long time. At last he was disturbed by some noise in the adjoining room, and went there to investigate. There he saw Mukund in the act of filling a sack with gold and silver vessels.

“Is it you, sir?” the cook asked very loudly, “May I know what you are doing?”

“Don’t shout, fool,” said Mukund in a hoarse whisper. “You don’t know what has happened. I brought disgrace to the family which can be redeemed only with human sacrifice, so I intend to commit suicide. When I fill this sack I shall tie it around my neck and jump into the river. If you start making a fuss, my parents will prevent me from dying and thus saving the family honour!”

“You don’t need that sack, sir,” said the cook. “Here is an excellent silk cord with which you can hang yourself from the beam above. It saves you the trouble of carrying the sack to the river.”

“That is a good idea!” said Mukund. “Now you can go away, you won’t like seeing me hang, I assure you. Go to bed and sleep well.”

The cook closed the door and went to sleep with a light heart.

Another day dawned. The zamindar woke up and went to



his wife's room where he found her not dead but in sound sleep. "Why?" he said, waking her up. "you didn't hang yourself!"

"No," said she. "I really don't know how to thank our cook. He volunteered to die in my place. I am afraid we owe him a great debt of gratitude."

But they found the cook busy lighting the stove in the kitchen.

"So you are still alive?" the wife of the zamindar asked the cook in great surprise.

"It was not my fault, madam," said the cook sorrowfully. "Your

son insisted upon hanging himself. He snatched the cord out of my hands and refused to listen to my entreaties."

The zamindar stepped into the adjoining room and saw something hanging from the beam. It was his pet monkey.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "is it our son that I see hanging from the beam?"

"I can't see properly," said his wife. "It is still dark."

Just at the moment the zamindar's relations arrived to see if proper sacrifice was done



for the restoration of the family honour. The zamindar told them what happened and showed them the creature that was hanging by the beam.

The dead monkey was brought down. The zamindar was very uncertain whether it was his Mukund that lay dead before him. "You bet it is he!" said the zamindar's relations. "Look at his features. There is no mistaking his identity. We congratulate you upon having such a fine son! He has saved the honour of the family!" The zamindar had to believe them.

The monkey was solemnly cremated and funeral rites were performed according to the strict injunctions of the scriptures.

During the next twelve months the zamindar, too, passed away

and his property was divided among his relations.

Mukund was in a far-off place when he received news of his father's death, but he came to claim his father's property.

"It is not fair," he said to his relatives, "that you should divide my property among you. Hand it over to me."

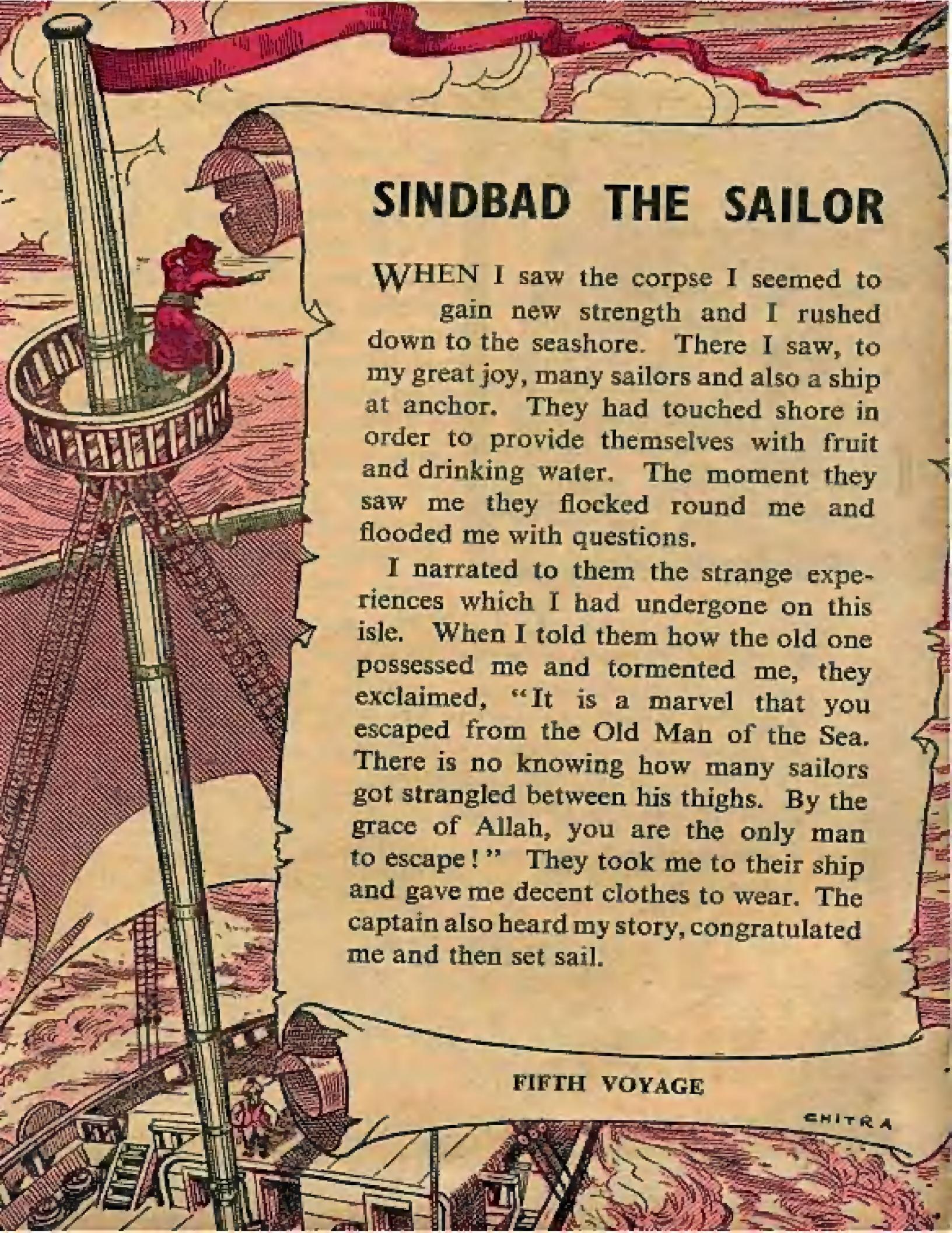
"Who are you?" the relations asked him.

"I am the zamindar's son, Mukund," Mukund replied.

"Ah, but Mukund was dead a year ago!" they said. "We performed his funeral rites. At the time of his death, we were told, the zamindar's monkey was missing; possibly you may be that monkey! Now, be off!" They drove Mukund away ignominiously.



SANKAR



SINDBAD THE SAILOR

WHEN I saw the corpse I seemed to gain new strength and I rushed down to the seashore. There I saw, to my great joy, many sailors and also a ship at anchor. They had touched shore in order to provide themselves with fruit and drinking water. The moment they saw me they flocked round me and flooded me with questions.

I narrated to them the strange experiences which I had undergone on this isle. When I told them how the old one possessed me and tormented me, they exclaimed, "It is a marvel that you escaped from the Old Man of the Sea. There is no knowing how many sailors got strangled between his thighs. By the grace of Allah, you are the only man to escape!" They took me to their ship and gave me decent clothes to wear. The captain also heard my story, congratulated me and then set sail.

FIFTH VOYAGE

CHITRA



After many days at sea we arrived at the port of a city. The captain informed me that it was a large city, where merchants of many countries came to trade. I was also informed that the city was known as the City of Apes because of the numberless apes that lived in the trees around the city.

I decided to go into the city and find some employment by which I could maintain myself. So I started out with a merchant who had become a good friend

of mine, and went into the city. This man gave me a bag and advised me to fill it with pebbles. "You will find crowds of people coming out of the gates with bags similar to this," he said. "Join those crowds and do exactly what they do, and you will be able to earn decently."

I followed his instructions and filled my bag with pebbles. At the city gate I saw a crowd of people coming out. All of them had bags with them.

My friend introduced me to them, and said, "This man is a very poor man from a far-off country. Allah will bless you if you teach him how to earn his livelihood even as you do."

Soon we came to a deep valley where there grew trees which were so tall that no man could climb them. I learned that these trees were coco-nut trees. I saw both coco-nuts and apes at the top of the trees.

We halted under these trees. I saw the others set their bags on the ground and hit the apes with



the pebbles. I, too, did the same. At this the apes grew angry and began to pelt us with coco-nuts. We gathered them and filled our bags with them. When the bags were full, we took them on our shoulders and went into the city.

Here my friend bought all the coco-nuts I brought and gave me their price. There after, day after day, I went to the valley, got coco-nuts and sold them, until I had put away enough to pay for my passage to the Sea of Pearls.

On my voyage I took a large quantity of coco-nuts. These I exchanged among the islands for pepper and cinnamon. These commodities brought me so much profit on the rest of my voyage, that, by the time I reached the

Sea of Pearls, I was in a position to engage pearl-divers for myself.

Here luck favoured me and I found good pearls in my oysters. These pearls brought me an immense fortune and I began to think of going home.

I at once began preparations for my voyage home. I bought a large quantity of aloe-wood in which those isles abound. I sold them at a profit on the way and finally reached Basrah and then Baghdad.

My friends and relations were immensely happy to see me back safe. As I had returned richer than ever before, I gave away gifts and presents to those who deserved them and settled down to a life of peace and happiness.

(To be continued)





WORTHLESS FRIENDS

IN a certain country there was a rich man. He had only one son. When the son came of age, the father said to him, "My boy, of all things on earth, friends are of the utmost value. So I advise you to acquire friends."

The boy began to acquire friends. Soon he had a band of youths around him. They treated the boy with utmost regard and appeared to be ready to lay down their lives for him.

After a time the rich man called his son and asked him, "Son, could you make any friends?"

"Yes, father," the boy replied. "I have plenty of them."

"Are they all truly your friends?" the father asked in surprise.

"Well," said the son after thinking a while, "I can swear that about ten of them are truly my friends."

"I have lived so long," said the father, "and I could not acquire more than one and a half friends. I cannot believe that you have, in such a short time, found ten good friends!"

But the son tried to assure the father that these ten friends of his would lay down their lives for his sake.

"We can very easily verify that," said the father. "I want you to do exactly as I tell you. Kill a pig, put it in a sack, take the sack and go to each one of your friends secretly. Tell them that you killed a man in rage, that you are likely to be hanged



if the fact comes to be known, and that those who try to help you are likely to be hanged too. Then ask them to come to your help. We shall see what they will do."

The son put a dead pig in a sack and went to each one of his friends and asked for their help. Not one volunteered to help him.

"Under the circumstances," said one of them, "I cannot see how anyone can help you. I request you not to reveal to anyone that you have been seeing me with the corpse. You

will gain nothing thereby, but unnecessarily implicate me!"

"I am, of course, ready to die for you," said another. "But how are you going to be benefited by my death?"

"I am filled with sorrow that this should happen to you, my dearest friend!" said a third. "I promise to remember you till my last day."

"You can depend upon me," said yet another, "to carry your body in a procession, after they hang you, and give you the grandest burial!"

Thoroughly disillusioned and sad, the boy returned to his father and told him what each one of his friends had said.

"I am not at all surprised," said the father, nodding his head. "I've already told you that I have one and a half friends, do you remember? Let us see how they will come to your help."

The boy went with his sack in the dead of the night to his father's half friend and said to him what he had said to all his friends.

The man heard out the boy's statement, and replied, "I do not know you, but your father happens to be one of my dearest friends. For his sake I shall help you."

He took the boy to his backyard where he dug a pit, put the sack in it, and covered it up. "Now your crime is buried for good," he said to the boy. "You can go about without any fear."

When the son reported what had happened, the father sent a message to the Chief of Police

through one of his servants. "Your Excellency," the servant said to the Chief, "my master's son killed a man, put him in a sack, and went with it to so-and-so. This gentleman protected the murderer by burying the sack in his backyard."

At once the Chief of Police sent his men to dig the place and the sack was discovered.

"Sir," said the half friend to the Chief, "I know nothing about this sack. It is true that the young man came to me one night and said to me that he was the



son of a particular friend of mine. I have not set eyes upon him either before or since. Maybe, he buried the sack in my backyard, but I know nothing about it ! ”

In the meantime, the son went to the other friend of his father, and said to him, “Sir, I am the son of such-and-such person. Unfortunately I quarrelled with a person and killed him. Another friend of my father tried to protect me by burying the dead man in his backyard ; but the truth has leaked out and I face the gallows. Can you do anything to save me ? ”

At once the gentleman got up and went to the Chief of Police, and said to him, “Sir, I have come to know that a certain young man was charged with

murder. But I know that boy is innocent, for the real murderer is my own son ! It is not proper that one should be punished for another’s crime. So I am constrained to reveal the truth, however much I hate to do it. Kindly let that boy go and hang my son ! ”

When the rich man come to know of this he said to his son, “There is a true friend for you, son ! Don’t think all friends can be so noble.”

He then went to the Chief of Police and told him what actually happened. “What the sack contains is only a pig,” he said. “You can open it and see for yourself ! ”

The Chief of Police did so and was amazed to find only a dead pig in the sack.





Losing Friends

KARATAKA heartily agreed with Damanaka, and said.

"Go, my friend! Make a rift between the King and Sanjivaka the bull. Achieve victory through your subtle wit. I pray for your easy success."

Well pleased with this encouragement, Damanaka rushed to the spot where the King was, and waited to get the King alone. At last he got a chance, and immediately went up to the King, prostrated himself before him and sat down.

The King inquired after Damanaka's health and then said, "How long it is since you came to see me!"

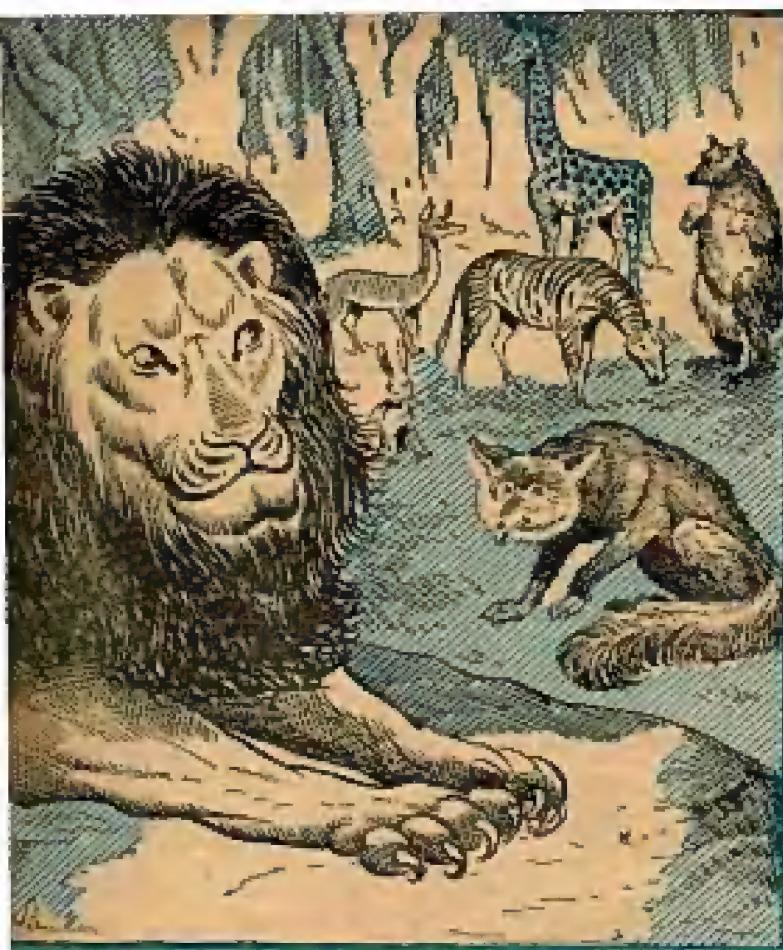
"Sire," said the jackal, "if I do not come to visit you, it is because you do not need me.

Now, I come without your invitation because I fear for you. A wise minister must always give proper counsel whether the King likes it or not."

"Certainly not, my dear fellow," said the lion. "You can be quite frank with me. What is the matter?"

Then the wily jackal cautiously looked around and said, "O King, how I hate to speak about it! But I must, for that traitor Sanjivaka means to do you harm. He confided to me that he is shortly going to be the monarch of this forest. Evidently, he intends to put you out of his way."

Seeing the lion astounded by this news, the jackal remarked, "Of course, Sire, one must expect such treachery when one



puts too much confidence in another."

"But," said the lion feebly, "he is such a dear friend to me!"

Said Damanaka: "O Sire, when it is a matter of the kingdom, does friendship count? Is there any one who does not covet power? And when one is weak one employs secret measures."

Pingalaka replied: "However, this one is my friend and I have immense faith in him."

Said Damanaka:

"Such a weakness is always to be found where great friend-

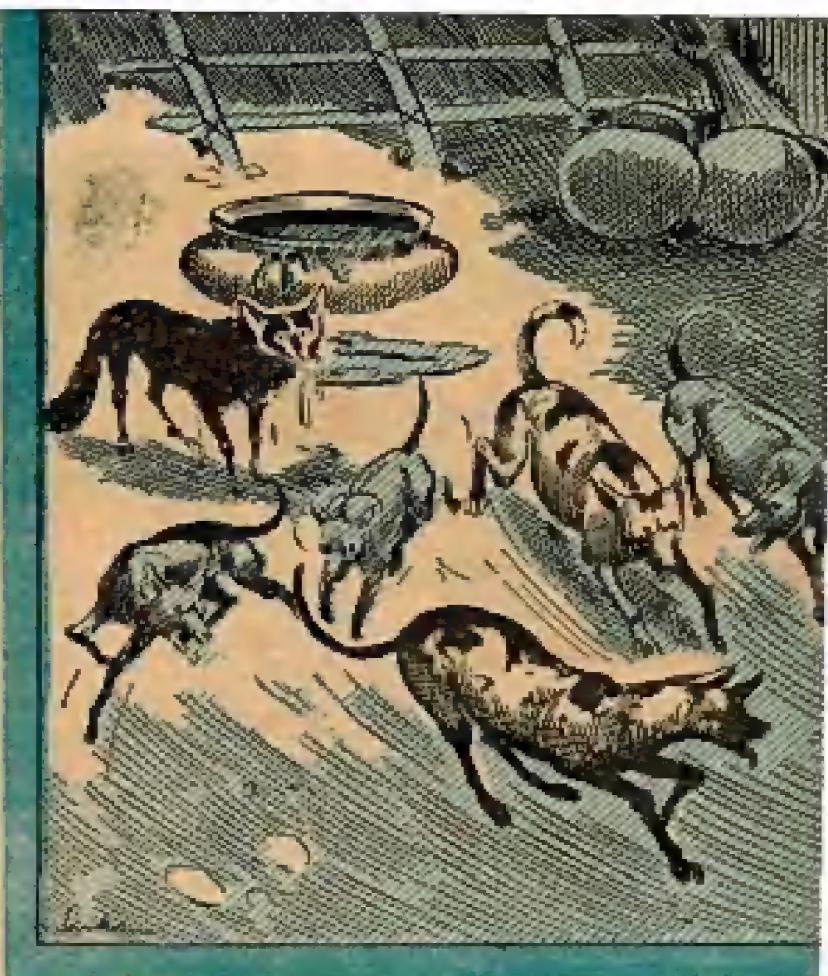
ship exists. Friendship makes one blind, it makes good advice look like poison. When he intends treachery because of his greed, he must be removed. It is not as though he is a powerful enemy who can wreak vengeance. He is, after all, a grass-eating beast, a cowardly fellow!"

"Having already announced to the world that my friend is extremely good, how can I now reverse my judgment? Indeed, it was because of you that I sent for him and offered him my protection. How can I destroy him now? He has never been inimical towards me. One would hate to destroy even a poisonous tree which has been planted with one's own hand. The one who has been given help should not be pulled down, just as the one who has been invited to fill a post should not be dismissed. There is nothing great when you help those who have helped you, you must help those who intend you harm. I do not care if he intends to do evil. Let his evil destroy him," said Pingalaka.

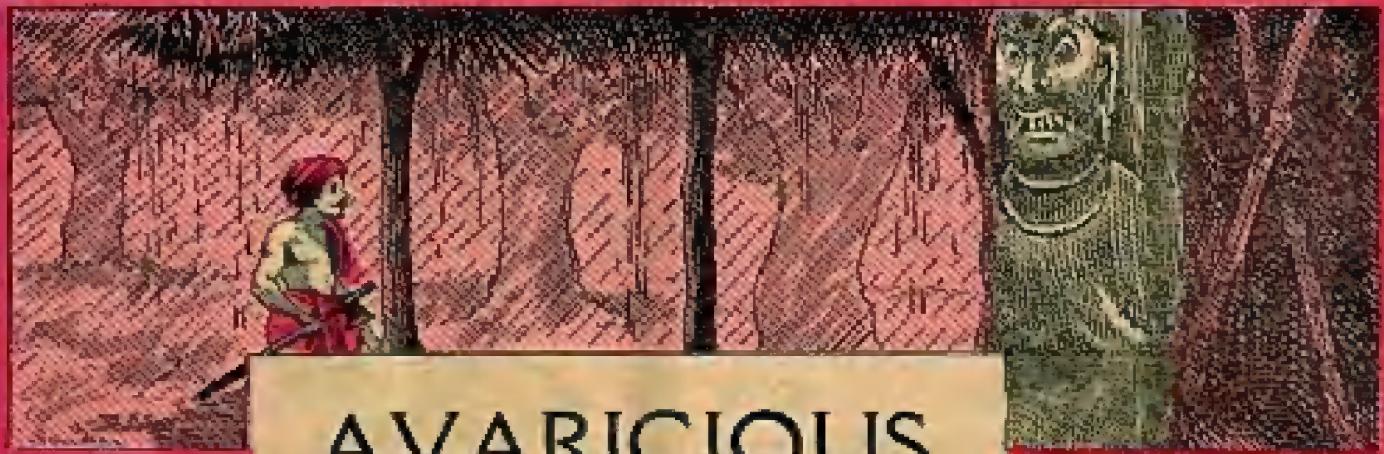
*** * * * * Said Damanaka :

“ What you say is not befitting a King, Sire. Why should you protect a rogue? No one should engage a servant who is equal to himself in capacity and strength. Because of this fellow you have stopped eating meat and have lost your might. Your subjects are leaving you and migrating to other parts. In a short time you will shed all your valour and greatness. A king gradually changes to the type of persons he surrounds himself with and admires. Permit me to speak out the bitter truth. The louse should not be crushed because of the bug, which should be crushed first. For death is bound to come to those who have neglected their own kith and kin in favour of unworthy strangers. Let me tell you the story of a King who died thus.

“ In a certain forest there dwelt a jackal, Chandarava by name. One day, it searched the whole jungle for food, failed to find any, then went into a city. There the street dogs saw him and



chased him viciously and the poor jackal had to hide himself in a washerman's hut. unfortunately he did not notice the indigo trough there and fell into it. Then he struggled to scramble out till he was dyed all over with a blue colour. When at last he managed to get out of the trough and come out, the dogs took fright on seeing his blue colour and ran away. Presently the jackal found that he was no longer his old self. Every creature of the jungle began to keep away from him.



AVARICIOUS

THERE was in a certain village a poor man called Bhadra. In order to prevent his large brood of children from starvation he had to go to the forest and cut wood. Inspite of his day-long efforts he could earn only just enough to provide gruel once a day for himself, his wife and his children.

One morning, he shouldered his axe and started for the forest as usual. But, while he was on the way, a slight drizzle started and, by the time he reached the forest, there was a torrential downpour.

It was evidently an unlucky day for him, for he had no hope of finding dry wood because of the rain. Bhadra would have got soaked in the rain had

he not found a shelter in the thick jungle.

This shelter was in a state of neglect. It consisted of a roof supported on some wooden pillars. Since the rain did not look like stopping, Bhadra began to examine the shelter. To his surprise, he found a tall stump of wood which was not a pillar. He found a crude visage carved on the top of this stump.

"Maybe," Bhadra said to himself, "this shelter was once a temple and this stump of wood was the deity."

Then, suddenly, it occurred to Bhadra that his children could have their gruel. This stump was dry. It could provide him with a heap of firewood. He would cut it down and wait until

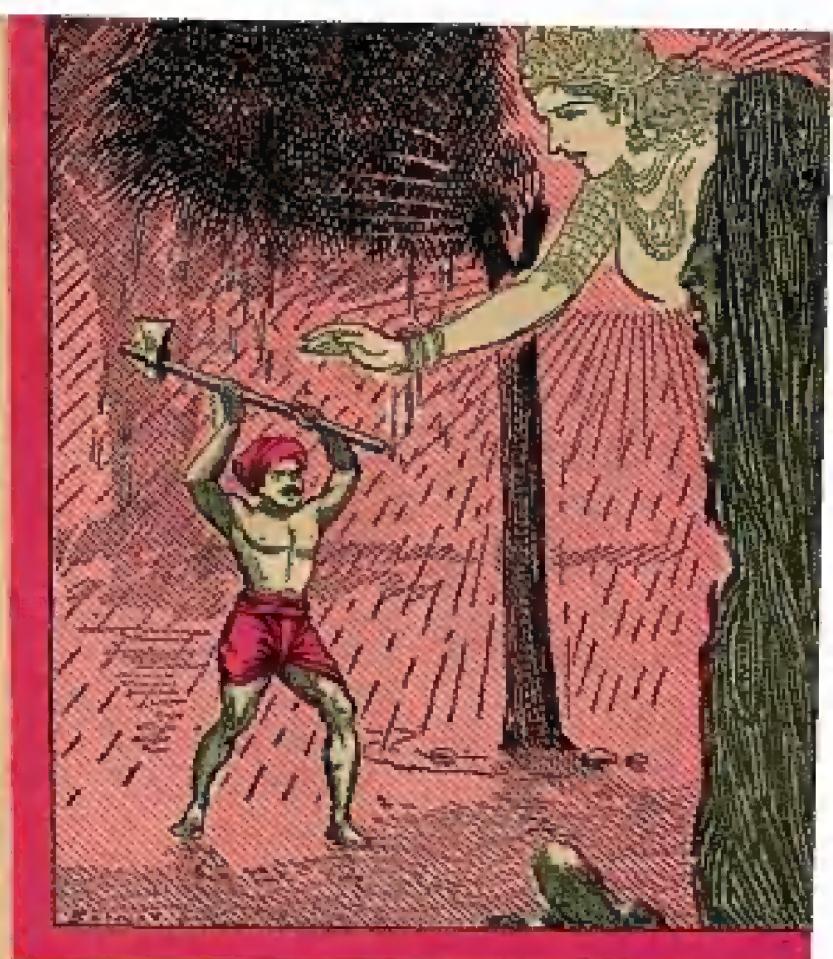
the rain abated. He was sure to get a good price for his wood.

Bhadra approached the stump raised his axe, and was about to strike, when he heard words come out of the stump:

"Stop, fool!" the stump cried. "Do you want to break me up? Who do you think I am?"

Bhadra was taken aback. He lowered his axe, folded his hands, and said humbly, "O Mother, I never suspected you were in this piece of wood. You see, what with this rain, I cannot find any dry wood. The entire forest is dripping. At last I find this dry stump, but you happen to be in it!"

"I can see how poor you are, my man," the stump replied. "Don't think I am angry with you. Ah, poverty makes one commit still more horrid crimes. Let me help you end this poverty and be happy for the rest of your life. Go home, buy a new pot, and place it upon an unlit stove. When you take it down again you will find in it all the food you need. Your family need not go hungry any more."



Bhadra was beside himself with joy. He flung away his axe amidst the trees, prostrated himself before the deity, got up and went home.

Bhadra's wife was shocked to see her husband come not only without firewood but also without his own axe. "Why?" she asked him. "You have not got any firewood! You also lost the axe! O god, what are we to eat, today?"

"Don't talk of firewood and axe any more," Bhadra told his wife. "The deity has blessed us!"



Then he proceeded to tell his wife what had taken place in the forest.

So Bhadra's wife obtained a freshly baked pot, covered it with a lid, and put it on the unlit stove. Then she took it down and removed the cover. To her surprise, the pot was full of food, rich fare which they had never even looked at before. That night the wood-cutter's family had a sumptuous feast, for the first time in their miserable lives.

From then on they had similar feasts twice a day.

Now, Bhadra had a rich neighbour whose wife was called Mandodari. This woman knew that Bhadra and his family were always on the verge of starvation. "Rich as we are," she said to herself, "we cannot afford such feasts except once in a way. How then are these people able to feast everyday?"

One day, she called Bhadra's youngest boy aside, and asked him, "Your father is not going to get firewood anymore. How are you able to get food? I hear that you eat a great variety of dishes now. Does your mother prepare them all by herself?"

The boy was too innocent to lie to her. "The deity in the forest gives us all sorts of food. Mother doesn't do any cooking," he told Mandodari.

Mandodari extracted the entire story from the boy. Then she was intensely jealous. She did not prepare any food for her family. Instead, she put a tight bandage on her head and lay down groaning as if in pain. When the children came to her

asking for food, she cursed them and drove them off.

Her husband came home and noticed that no food had been prepared. "What is the matter with you, today?" he asked his wife.

"Nothing at all!" she shouted at him. "While every ne'er-do-well around here can obtain favours from the deity in the forest and enjoy feasts without even lighting the stove, I must kill myself with cooking and cleaning!"

Her husband patiently got her to tell him Bhadra's story, and asked her, "Well, what do you want me to do now?"

"You are going to do exactly what the other fellow did," Mandodari retorted. "Go to the forest with an axe and threaten to split the head of the deity and obtain her favour. I do not propose to cook anymore!"

"One doesn't split the heads of deities, you know," the husband protested.

"It shows that you are a fool," Mandodari said. "If favours



are not to be got by supplication they have to be obtained by threats."

The husband knew full well that he would not have any peace unless he obeyed his vicious wife. He took an axe and went to the forest. After a certain amount of searching he found the shelter and the stump of wood in it. He walked to the stump and raised his axe.

Before he could bring it down there was a violent tremor under his feet and, at the same time, there was such a brilliant light

before his eyes, that he could see nothing. In that state he received a violent kick and heard these words: "Stop, fool! Do you want to break me up? Who do you think I am?"

All his limbs were aching and his body was on fire. Trembling with fright, he said, "Pardon me, Mother! I am a miserable sinner. But you were kind to Bhadra who committed the same sin, while you are angry with me!"

"I was kind to him because he was utterly destitute," came the reply. "Why should I pity you, a well-to-do man?"

"If he is destitute, I am ignorant," the man pleaded. "Do pity me, Mother."

"I shall spare you on one condition," the deity said. "I

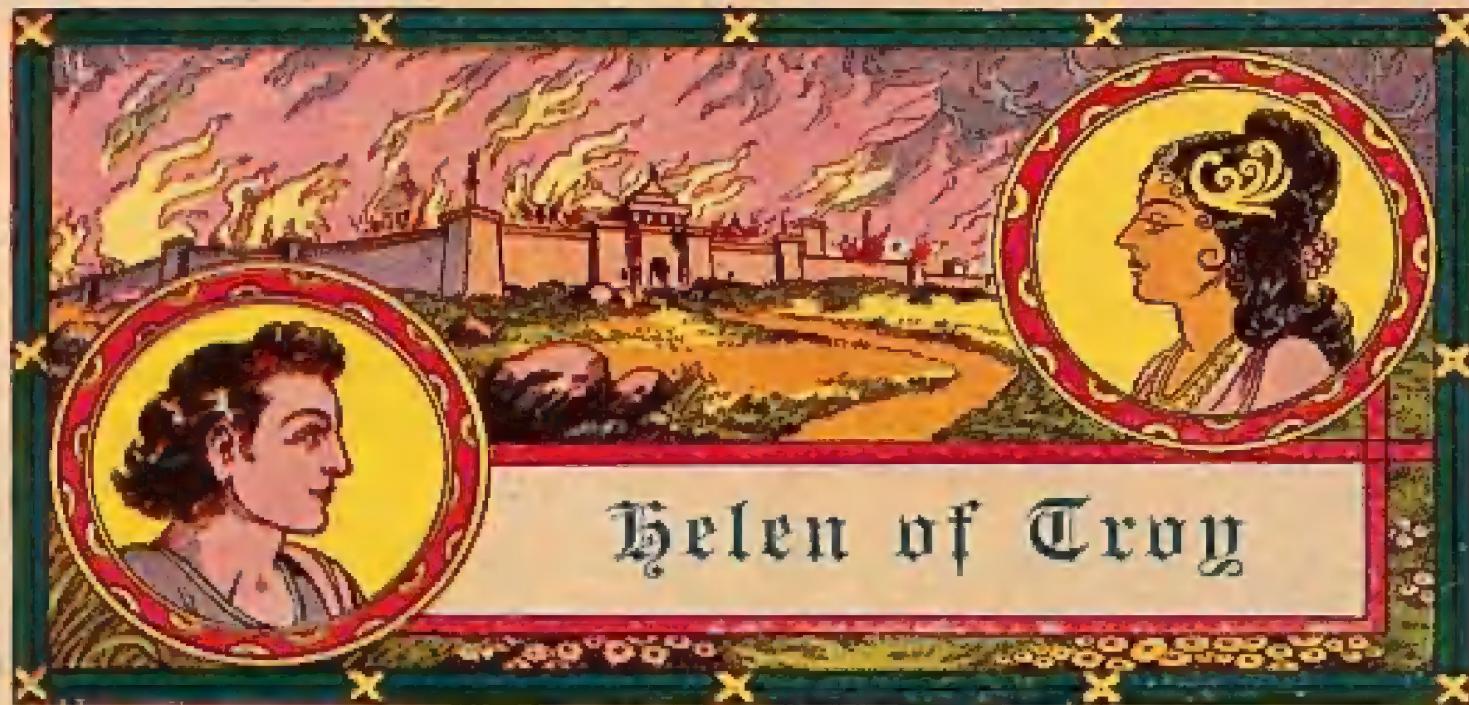
gave Bhadra all kinds of food in the pot. By mistake I forgot to give him ghee. And the poor family has been eating food without it. Now, I want you to go home and send Bhadra a seer of ghee everyday and rectify my mistake."

"Spare me, Mother," Mandodari's husband replied, "and I will do whatever you want me to do."

At once he was rid of all bodily pains. He went home and told his wife, "Let this be a lesson to you woman! From now on, you are to send Bhadra a seer of ghee every morning. These are the deity's orders!"

When Mandodari heard the full story from her husband, she decided not to offend the deity in the forest any further.





7

[It was the tenth year of the siege of Troy by the Greeks. There was an internal quarrel in the Greek camp and Achilles, the mightiest of the Greeks, left the battle-field in anger. This provided a chance for the Trojans to take the upper hand. They had spectacular successes. But when the Trojans set one of the Greek ships on fire, Achilles returned to the battle-field. He killed Hector and was in turn killed by Paris who had stolen Helen.]

THE Greeks held funeral games after the death of Achilles.

In these games Eumelus won the chariot race, Diomedes the foot-race, Ajax the discus-throw, and Tener the archery contest.

Thetis, mother of Achilles, decided to award the arms of

her son to the most courageous Greek left alive.

No one dared to claim them except Ajax and Odysseus who had boldly fought for the body of Achilles. Agamemnon could not decide between the two, and sought Nestor's advice.

“Our enemies are more likely to be unbiased about our courage,” Nestor told Agamemnon. “Send our spies by night to listen under the Trojan walls and find out their opinion about our heroes.”

Accordingly Agamemnon sent spies who went by night and listened under the walls and overheard a party of young girls chattering together. They were talking about the Greek heroes carrying away the dead body of

Achilles in the teeth of Trojan opposition.

“Ajax was the bravest of the lot,” said one of the girls. “How he bore away dead Achilles from the battle-field through a storm of missiles!”

“Set a corpse on the shoulders of a slave-woman and she will carry it,” said another. “Odysseus, who bore the brunt of our attack, was the real hero.”

The rest of the girls agreed with the second girl.



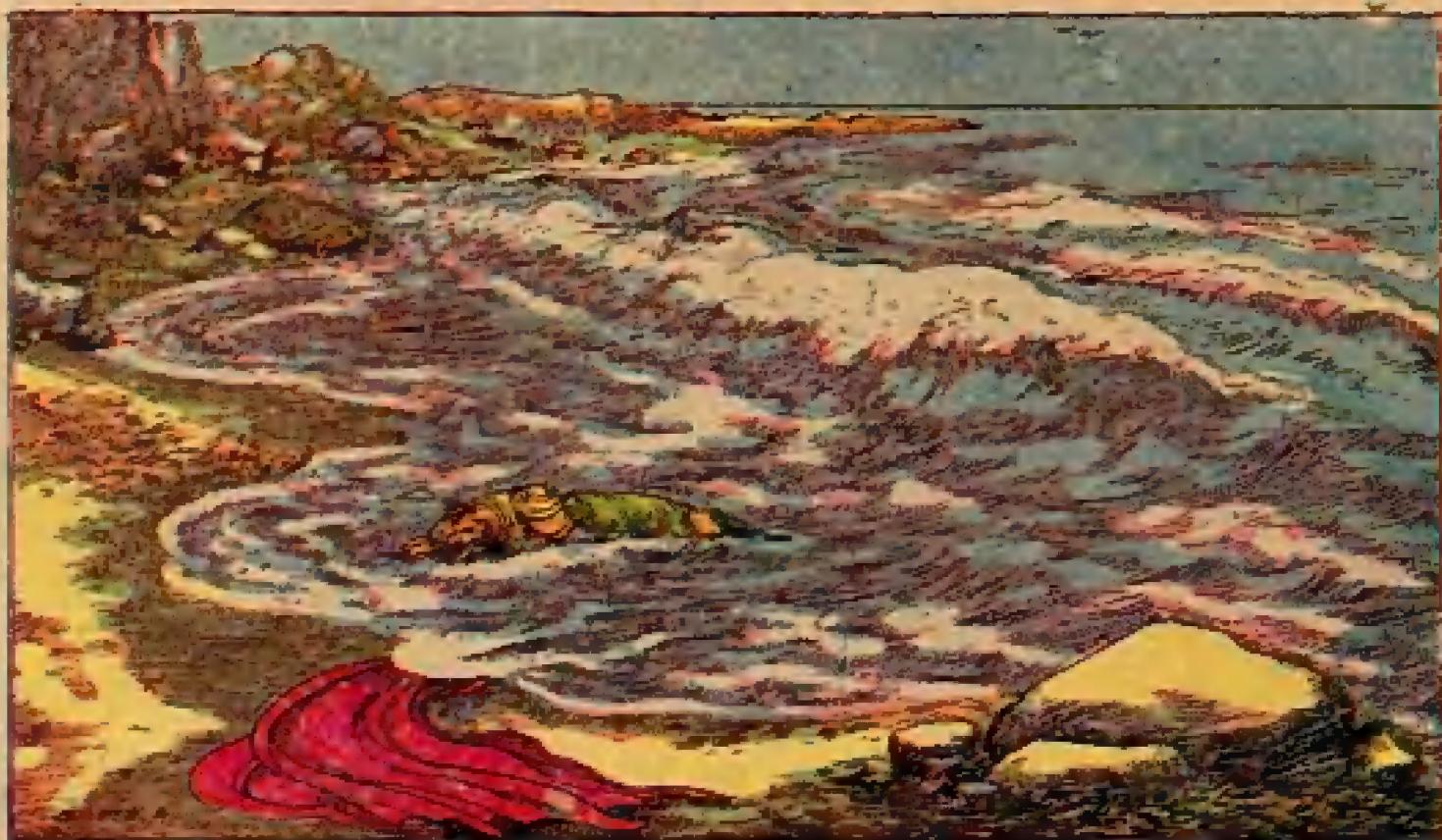
The spies reported what they had heard and Agamemnon awarded the arms of Achilles to Odysseus.

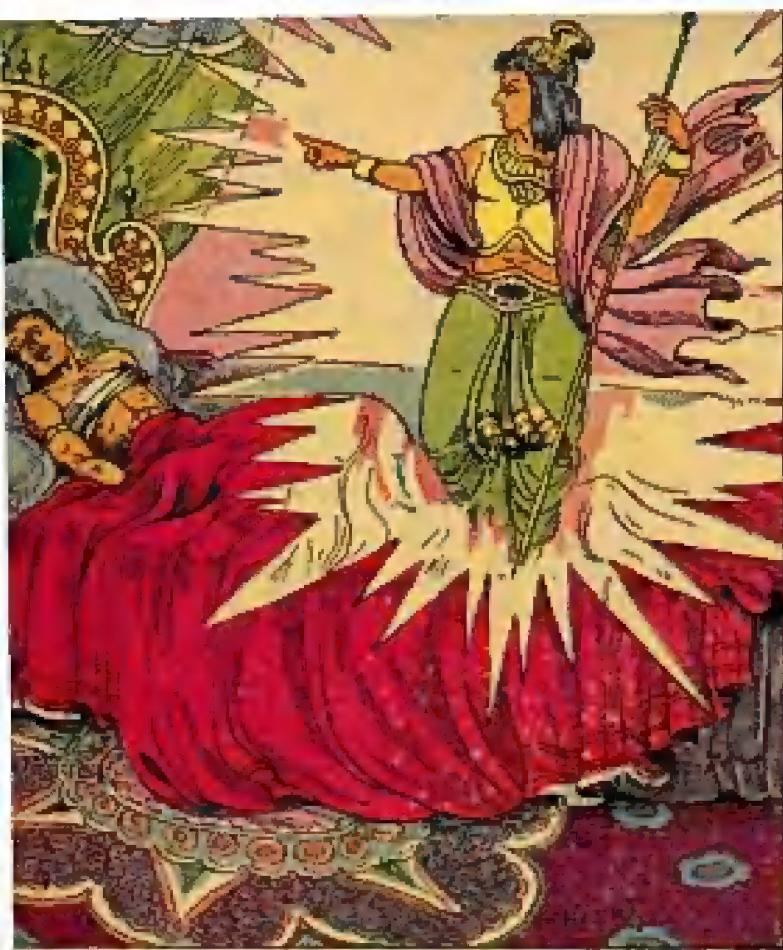
This was an affront to Ajax. Agamemnon and Menelaus would never have dared to insult Ajax in this manner had Achilles been alive. For Achilles had been very fond of his cousin Ajax.

Ajax was so enraged at this insult that he went mad. The Greeks had plundered several

Trojan farms and taken many cattle and sheep, which were kept as a common spoil. Ajax in his madness went amidst the cattle, sword in hand, and slaughtered them.

He chose two white-footed rams and lopped off the head and tongue of one of them, mistaking it, perhaps, for Agamemnon or Menelaus. He tied the other upright to a pillar and flogged it, calling it Odysseus and screaming abuse.





At last he came to his senses. In utter despair he went to the sea shore and committed suicide by stabbing himself with a sword.

Later, when the body of Ajax was discovered, Menelaus said that Ajax did not deserve a funeral but should be left to the kites and vultures. But Odysseus intervened and insisted that Ajax should have a decent funeral. He even helped in the ceremony.

After they lost their bravest warrior, Achilles, the Greeks were in despair. Calchas the prophet now told them that Troy could not be taken unless the bows and arrows of Heracles were brought from Lemnos. Philoctetes was in possession of them.

Agamemnon sent Odysseus and Diomedes in a ship to Lemnos which was some forty miles away. When the Greek warriors arrived, Philoctetes was suffering from a carbuncle. Odysseus tricked him into handing over the bow and arrows, but Diomedes would have nothing to do with the theft.

At this juncture Heracles appeared to Philoctetes, and said, "Go with them to Troy. You will earn a great name and good spoils in the war. Along with Neoptolemus you shall take part in the sack of Troy. Troy will not fall without either of you."

So Philoctetes accompanied Odysseus and Diomedes to the

Greek camp, taking with him the bows and arrows of Heracles. The Greeks bathed him and put him to sleep. Then Machaon the surgeon operated on the carbuncle and dressed the wound with healing herbs and the serpentine stone.

Soon Philoctetes was completely cured. He challenged Paris to a combat in archery. The combat took place. Philoctetes shot only four arrows at Paris: the first one went wide, the second one pierced Paris' left hand in which he held his bow, the third arrow pierced the right eye of Paris, and the fourth struck his ankle, wounding him mortally.

Menelaus wanted to despatch Paris, but Paris managed to limp off beyond the reach of Menelaus, and took refuge in the city of Troy. A basketful of healing herbs were ordered from Mount Ida, but Paris was dead by the time they arrived.



As soon as Paris was dead there was a quarrel between his brothers Helenus and Deiphobus, each of whom wanted Helen for his wife. Their father Priam supported the claim of Deiphobus on the ground that he had shown the greater valour in the war. But Helen could not forget that she was still Queen of Sparta and wife to Menelaus, while she had considered her marriage with Paris as an affair arranged by the gods.

One night, she went on to the top of the walls of Troy, and began to tie a rope to the battlements in order to escape and join her people, when she was caught by a sentry and taken back. Then Deiphobus married her by force, much to the disgust of the Trojans. Helenus immediately left Troy intending to live on Mount Ida.

Now Calchas told Agamemnon that Helenus alone knew the secret oracles which protected Troy. Agamemnon asked Odys-

seus to drag Helenus to the Greek Camp. When Odysseus came searching for him Helenus was in the temple of Thymbraean Apollo as the guest of Chryses.

"I deserted Troy," Helenus told Odysseus, "not because I was afraid of death. Paris committed sacrilege in this very temple when he killed Achilles. No amends have been yet made. I can disclose the oracles to you on condition that I will be given a secure home in some distant land."



When Odysseus agreed to this, Helenus went on:

"Troy falls this summer, if a certain bone of Pelops is brought to your camp; if Neoptolemus takes the field; and if Athene's Palladium is stolen from the citadel, for the walls cannot be breached while it remains there. This is the substance of the oracles."

Pelop's shoulder-blade was at Pisa and Agamemnon at once sent for it. Odysseus, Phoenix and Diomedes sailed to Scyros

to fetch Neoptolemus, the twelve year old son of Achilles. The boy saw his father's ghost on his arrival. Odysseus gladly gave him the arms of Achilles.

Though young in age Neoptolemus proved mature in council as well as in war.

Now the Palladium had to be stolen. Odysseus and Diomedes who took this task upon themselves concocted a plan. Odysseus got flogged mercilessly by Diomedes. Bloodstained, filthy, and dressed in rags, he sneaked



into Troy, pretending to be a runaway slave. Helen alone saw through his disguise. When she privately questioned him about the purpose of his visit, Odysseus gave evasive replies. She then invited him to her house, where she bathed him and gave him good food.

"I am only a prisoner in Troy," she confided to him. "I want to go home. Hecabe alone knows the real state of my mind and sympathises with me. I want you to reveal to me the details of your plan."

At that moment Hecabe entered. Odysseus, who was no longer in disguise, threw himself at her feet, weeping from terror, and implored her not to denounce

him. She not only did not denounce Odysseus, but she even guided him back to reach his friends in safety.

Odysseus stole the Palladium on his way back. Diomedes who was waiting for him on the other side of the wall took the Palladium on his shoulders and they began to walk to the camp under a full moon. Odysseus wanted all the glory and dropped behind Diomedes and lifted his sword to kill him. But Diomedes saw the shadow of the raised sword, spun round, drew his own sword and disarmed Odysseus. Then he pinioned his hands and drove him to the ships, kicking him all the way!

(To be continued)



HASTY WORK IS THE CRAFTSMAN'S SHAME

A father went to a carpenter one day to order a cradle for his son. When the bargain was made, the father said: "Now look here, master, I'm paying you what you asked for the work. Make a good job of it, and get it done as quick as you can."

"You'll never find a bad job of work in my shop, friend," the carpenter replied. "But it won't be a quick one. Hasty work is the craftsman's shame."

"I know, I know," the father said, "but try to finish it as soon as you can." So saying he left the shop. A week later he went back to fetch the cradle. "It's not ready yet," the carpenter said. "Why not?" the father asked. "I told you. I'm not one of those craftsmen who work quickly and any old how. Hasty work is the craftsman's shame," the man replied.

A month went by. The father went a second time to fetch the cradle. "You'll have to wait a while longer, the carpenter told him. A good job isn't done in a day, or a month either."

So the father waited another month, then two, then three and so on till he had waited a whole year. Finally he gave it up! In the meantime the baby had learnt to walk and no longer needed a cradle. Time passed, and the child grew up. He reached man's estate and one day he got married. Then he in his turn had a little boy and he set out to find a cradle for the child.

"Look here, son," his father said to him, "when you were born I ordered a cradle for you from the carpenter at the other end of the village. Go and see. If he's finished it, take it."

So off went the son to find the carpenter. When he got to the man's shop, he went in and said, "Good day, master. When I was born my father ordered a cradle for me. If it's ready, give it to me, for I have a baby of my own now."

"Ready, quotha!" the man exclaimed. "The baby's just born and you want the cradle at once! I've told your father already and I'm telling you again, I don't like to do my work any old how. Hasty work is the craftsman's shame! And I just live for my good name!"

(A BULGARIAN TALE)



IT IS ALL FATE

IN days of old the Emperor at Delhi had a Chief Minister called Vijaya Das. In importance he was next only to the Emperor himself and he was the *de facto* ruler of the realm. All the Kings in the land showed him great respect while the common people referred to him as Vijaya Maharaj.

Though he was endowed with all the worldly blessings and surrounded with luxuries, Vijaya Das was a philosopher at heart. Being a poet of great merit, he used to devote his spare time to write songs of a philosophical turn.

These songs were sung by ascetic beggars and they were popular even in the farthest corners of the country.

A famous philosopher named Vijnana-chandra, one day, paid a visit to the monastery at Hardwar. There he heard the songs of Vijaya Das and liked them immensely. On inquiring he learned that these songs were the compositions of a certain Vijaya Das, a resident of the city of Delhi. He thought that he must meet such a profound philosopher and have the benefit of exchanging ideas with him. So he journeyed all the way to Delhi from Hardwar.

At Delhi he inquired several persons, "Can you direct me to the house of Vijaya Das the philosopher?" But no one seemed to know such a man. Delhi was a large city and there were any number of philosophers

residing in it. Common people did not even know of their existence. The Chief Minister Vijaya Maharaj, on the other hand, was known to one and all. But Vijnana-chandra never imagined that Vijaya Das was this very man.

"Is it not strange," he asked himself, "that the citizens of Delhi should be ignorant about such an eminent philosopher?"

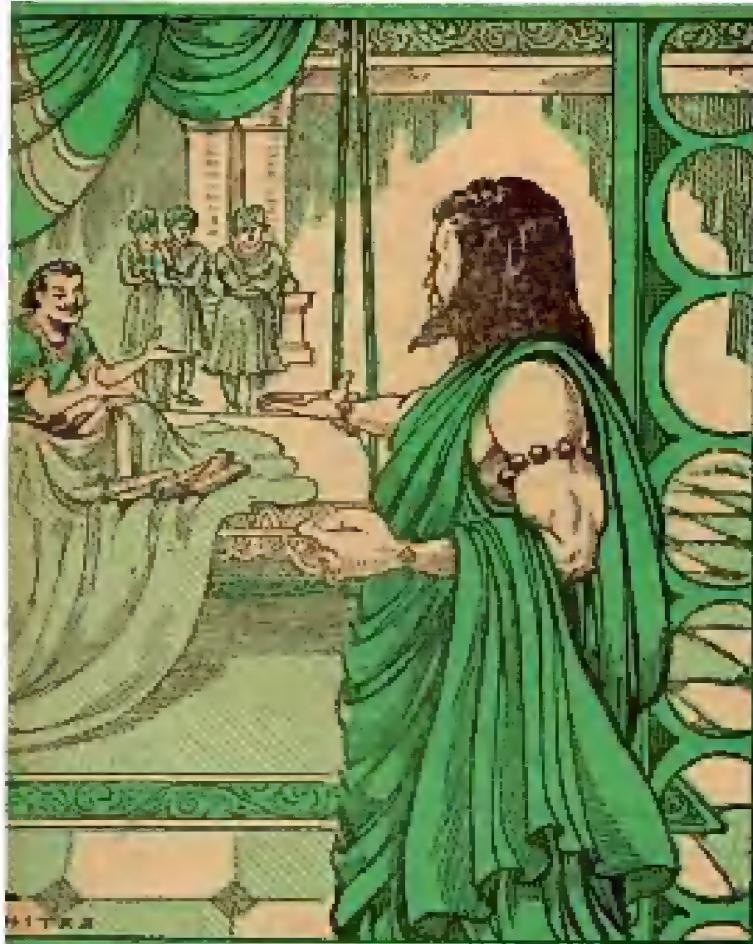
He scoured the entire city for several weeks, but he failed to discover the whereabouts of Vijaya Das. And then he suc-

ceeded in his efforts through an accident. He was passing by a monastery when someone inside it was singing a song by Vijaya Das. At once he went in and asked the ascetics there, "who composed this song?"

"Vijaya Maharaj, the Chief Minister to the Emperor is the poet," he was told. On inquiring further, he learned that his residence was inside the palace and it was extremely difficult to meet him.

Vijnana-chandra could not believe his ears. How could a





the Chief Minister. A mere ascetic could not hope for an interview with him.

"It is clear," Vijnana-chandra thought, "that this Vijaya Das is a fraud. He surrounds himself with the best of worldly happiness and puts philosophy into his songs. I cannot go away without giving this man a piece of my mind." He told the guards that he would not stir from the spot until he met the Chief Minister.

The guards did not pay any heed to him at first, but after two days, when they saw that the ascetic meant what he said, they informed the Chief Minister that some one had been at the gate for two days in order to see him.

"Why did you make him wait all this time?" the Chief Minister said to them. "Show him in."

Vijnana-chandra saw the Chief Minister luxuriously seated on soft cushions on top of a golden swing, scrutinizing some papers, while some of the highest officials of the Court stood at a distance with folded hands.

great minister be also a philosopher? And people referred to him as Maharaj or His Highness! There must be something wrong somewhere!

Determined to solve the mystery, Vijnana-chandra went to see the Chief Minister at once. "I must see the Chief Minister right now," he said to the guards at the gate of the palace.

The guards laughed and informed him that it was not possible. Even crowned heads, they said, had to wait weeks on end to get an appointment with

“Are you Vijaya Das, the author of the philosophical songs?” Vijnana-chandra shouted standing at the door.

The Chief Minister raised his head and looked at him. “Yes, sir,” he said. “Pray come in and be seated.”

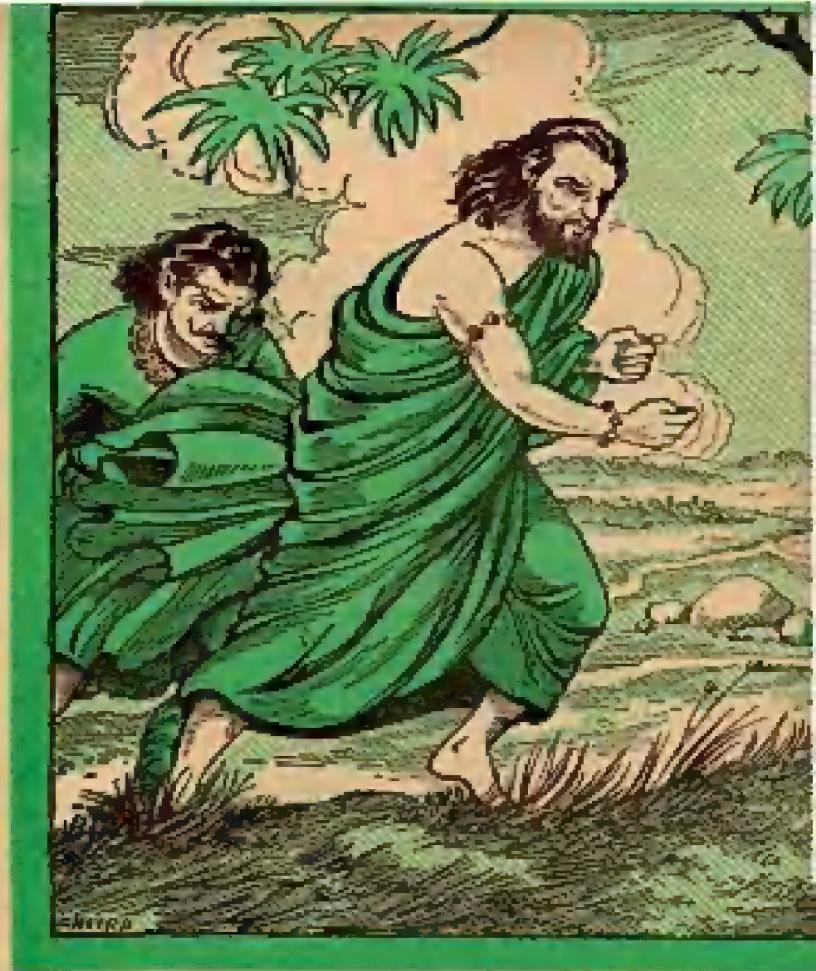
“Are you not ashamed,” Vijnana-chandra asked him, “to call yourself a philosopher while you lead a life of such luxury and comfort? These chairs are for impostors like you. I am a true philosopher! I can do without them.”

“Ah, sir,” the Chief Minister said, “in that case you can very easily understand that what you see is fateful luxury.”

“What do you mean by *fateful luxury*?” the visitor asked, in utter surprise.

“Luxury is as much a matter of fate as misery is,” Vijaya Das replied. “One may not escape from it. The truly wise can only attain indifference to it. That is what I do.”

“Don’t try to fool me with a false argument,” Vijnana-chandra



replied. “I can certainly alter your fate.”

“Please do!” the other said. “This luxury is not of my seeking, nor am I in need of it.”

That night both of them were alone when suddenly Vijnana-chandra said, “Let us go away now. I am taking you with me.”

“Let us go, then!” Vijaya Das said.

They started at about midnight and walked on. By the next morning they were very far from the city. Vijnana-chandra made the Chief Minister walk till noon

without rest, food or drink. At noon they found themselves in a desert-like place with only one huge banian tree in it.

"You take rest in the shade of this tree while I go to the nearest village and get food for both of us," Vijnanachandra said to his companion. Then he went away.

Vijaya Das had no sleep the previous night. He was not accustomed to prolonged walking and fatigue. So the moment he lay down in the shade he was overcome with sleep.

Vijnana-chandra was not gone a long time, when a caravan appeared on the horizon and made for the banian tree.

It was the caravan of the King of Nepal who was going to Delhi on an important political mission. This caravan left its last camp at about dawn and moved on, inspite of the beating sun, for want of a shady spot where tents could be pitched, until the banian tree came within sight.

The King of Nepal saw Vijaya Das sleeping in the shade, and at



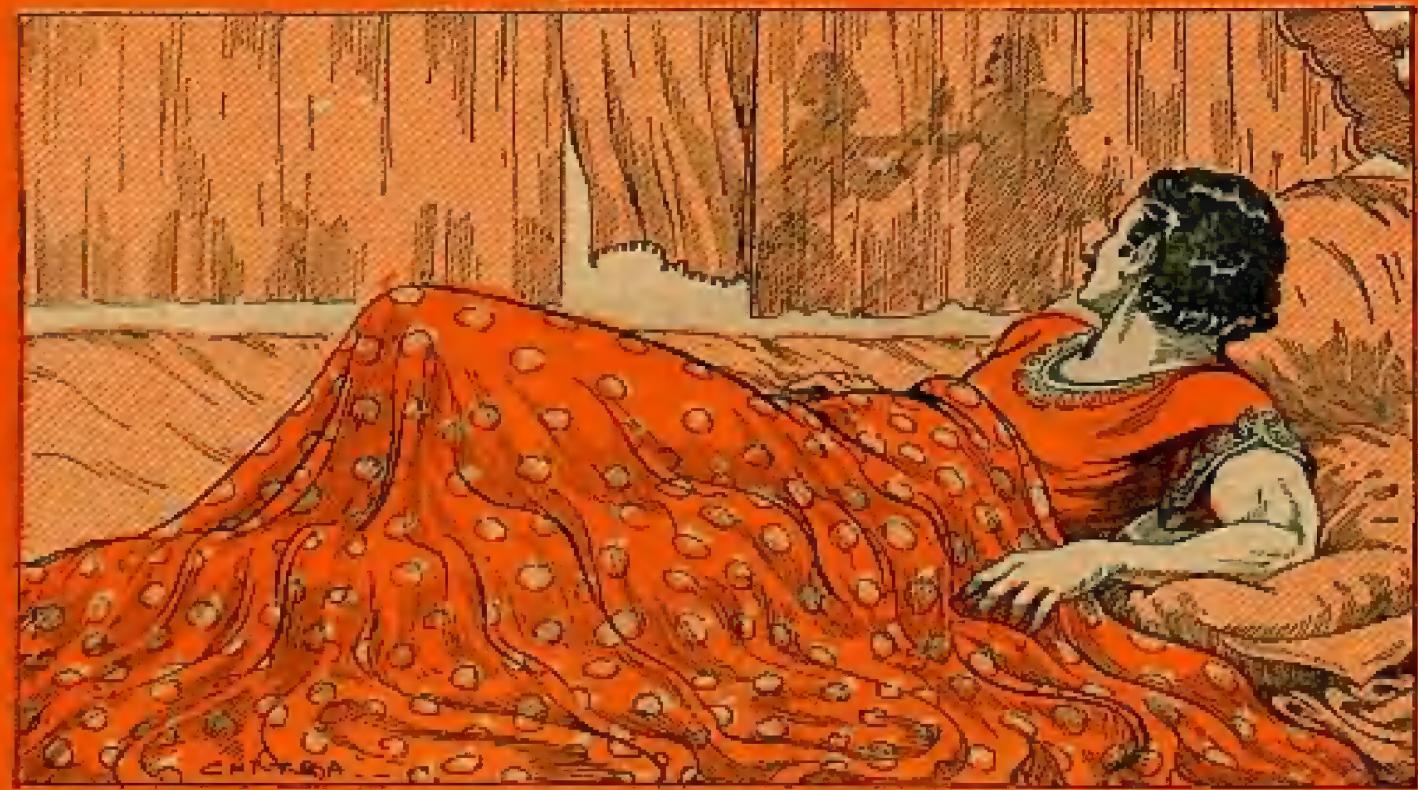
once recognized him. He ordered his men to pitch his velvet tent over the spot where the Chief Minister was sleeping. The King's feather-bed was brought in and the sleeper was gently lifted up and placed upon it. Rose water was sprinkled all around the couch and servants stood fanning the sleeper. The King of Nepal sat on a chair and awaited the waking up of the sleeper. All through this Vijaya Das slept on peacefully.

In the meantime, Vijnanachandra collected enough food

and returned. He was surprised to see a number of tents, horses and elephants, and armed guards moving about under the tree. He could see a field-kitchen nearby, and surmised that it was the camp of a King.

He wondered what had happened to Vijaya Das. For a moment he suspected that Vijaya Das had sent for all this, but he knew that the idea was absurd.

Some guards approached him and said, "This is the camp of the King of Nepal. Why are you loitering here? Go away!"



"I am looking for one Vijaya Das!" Vijnana-chandra told them.

"His Highness is still asleep. Our Lord, too, is waiting for him to get up!" the guards informed him. "You will not be able to see him today."

But Vijaya Das opened his eyes and sat up at that very moment.

He saw the King of Nepal sitting opposite, and embraced him warmly.

"When did you arrive?" he asked. "Why didn't you wake me up? There was an ascetic with me, where is he?"

The King of Nepal asked his guards to see if there was an ascetic nearby and bring him along.

Soon Vijnana-chandra was shown into the King's tent. He saw Vijaya Das sitting on a royal couch. The King of Nepal himself was fanning him!

Seeing Vijnana-chandra, Vijaya Das stood up and said, "Sir, I fell asleep the moment you left me and I was on this couch when I woke up again. This is my friend, the King of Nepal. I was not even aware of the arrival of His Highness. Shall we proceed on our way?

"No, my son," Vijnana-chandra said. "Let me go away by myself. My eyes are opened. While trying to teach you I learned from you. You are fated to be happy. You cannot escape it. I now know what a wise man you are!"



PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

AUGUST 1957

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- ★ The captions should reach us before 5th of June '57.

The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR JUNE

- I. *Photo* : Feed me if you care
- II. *Photo* : Stop me if you dare

Contributed by :

Miss Nalini Balakrishna, 57, First Main Rd,
Raja Annamalaipetram, MADRAS-28.

AWARD Rs. 10

CROCODILES AND ALLIGATORS

CROCODILES and alligators are the largest of the reptiles on earth. The largest ones measure over twenty feet. Alligators have broader heads and rounder snouts, otherwise they are quite similar to crocodiles.

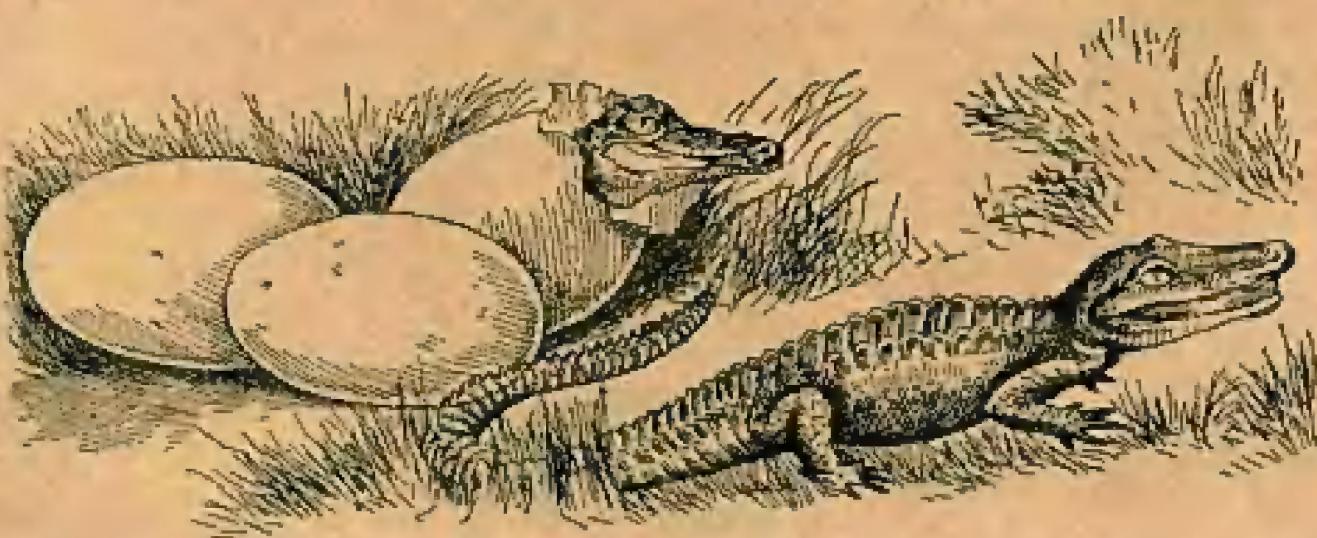
They spend most of their time in the water. Though they have webbed feet, they do not use them in swimming. They swim with their tails. When they are below the surface, their ears are covered with thick folds of skin which shut out the water.

The eyes and nostrils of these reptiles stand up from the face, so that they can submerge themselves under water except for their eyes and nose, and breathe and see what is going on around them.

These creatures cannot live in a cold climate, because they are cold-blooded, that is to say, their blood takes on the temperature of the surroundings. At one time England had a warm climate and crocodiles used to live in the rivers there, as they now do in the rivers of our country.

Alligators can bellow so loud as to be heard a mile away. They are the only reptiles with such loud voice.

The tails of these reptiles are immensely strong. With them they can easily knock down a man or a deer. When they are in the water their strength is marvellous. They have only one



handicap—they cannot turn their heads. Because of this many people have escaped death from these creatures.

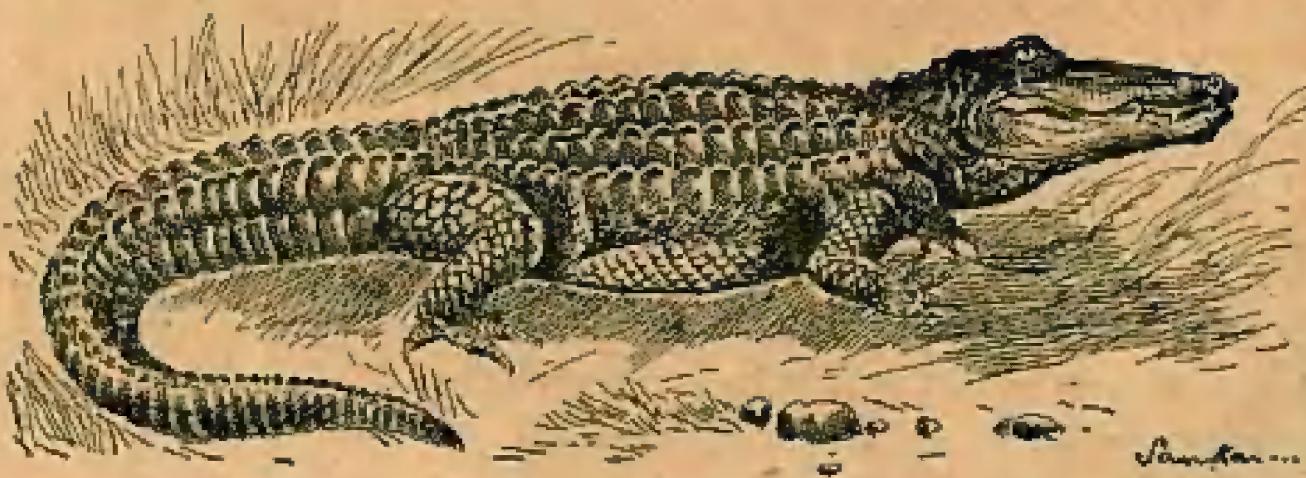
Alligators and crocodiles eat nothing but meat. Their jaws are strong and their teeth sharp.

These creatures lay over twenty eggs at a time. The eggs have very hard shells. The young crocodile breaks out the egg with the help of the "egg tooth", a hard point on its head,

The skin of alligators and crocodiles is very thick. With it beautiful bags and shoes are made. These creatures are caught only for their skin. Because of the great demand for their skin there is the danger of these reptiles being killed off in some regions. But now there are farms where alligators are raised.

There are over twenty varieties of alligators and crocodiles all over the world. They vary from place to place. Some have long snouts and some have short ones. Some of the alligators raised in farms have got very short snouts.

Africa abounds in many predatory creatures, but alligators kill more persons than all the other animals put together. Their greed is phenomenal. In the stomach of a crocodile the following were found: many quills of a porcupine not completely digested; 11 heavy brass arm rings; a glass bead necklace; 14 arm and leg bones; 3 spinal columns; 18 stones of various sizes; and a length of fibre cord!



Santay...



Prof: P. C. SORCAR

HERE is a remarkable trick:

The magician asks one of his audience to select a playing card out of a pack. Then he produces a hard boiled egg and passes it round for inspection. When everybody is satisfied that there is nothing wrong with the egg, the magician breaks the shell of the egg and shows the picture of the playing card selected by the audience, on the inside of the egg.

This is how it is done. An ounce of alum is dissolved in three ounces of vinegar. By dipping a brush in this solution the magician draws the

picture of the card that is going to be selected. He lets the design dry, and then boils the egg for ten or fifteen minutes till all trace of the design is gone. With the egg prepared in this manner he does the trick.

To make sure that the audience will select the card which has been first drawn on the egg, the magician selects a pack in which all the cards are of the same design. When the shell of the egg is broken the audience will be amazed to see the picture of the selected card inside the egg.

TIT-BITS

THE liner quivered from stem to stern, and then with a harsh grating sound it came to a full stop.

Suddenly a man in a long flowing white night-shirt was seen to appear from the direction of the cabins and make for the captain's bridge.

"Oh, captain—captain!" he cried. "What's happened? Have we struck an iceberg? Shall I get into my lifebelt? Won't you please lower the boats?"

"Too late," the captain answered. "We've done all we can for you, and you'll have to look out for yourself now. You see, we've just tied up in dock."

* * *

TWO commercial travellers were discussing the careless manner in which trunks and suitcases are handled by some railway companies.

"I had a very cute idea for preventing that once," said one of them, smiling reminiscently. "I labelled each of my bags 'With Care—China.'"

"And did that have any effect?"

"Well, I don't know; you see, they shipped the whole lot to Hong Kong."

* * *

"Your novel, sir" said the publisher politely, "is awful," The author took umbrage.

"Let me tell you," he said, "that my novel will be read when Shakespeare and Tolstoy and all those people are forgotten."

"Exactly, my dear sir. And not a day before."

* * *

"What's the use of time-tables if your trains are always late?" grumbled a discontented passenger.

The porter replied: "What's the use of waiting-rooms if they're not?"



NEWS ITEMS

The Central Awards Committee for films certified during 1956 recommended "Kabuliwala" (Bengali) for the President's Gold Medal. It was considered the best picture of the year. "Gotama the Buddha" was recommended for the President's Gold Medal as the best documentary. "Tenali Ramakrishna" (Telugu) was recommended for the President's Silver Medal. It gets an all-India certificate of merit along with "Bandhan" (Hindi). No film was found suitable for the Prime Minister's Gold Medal for the best children's film.

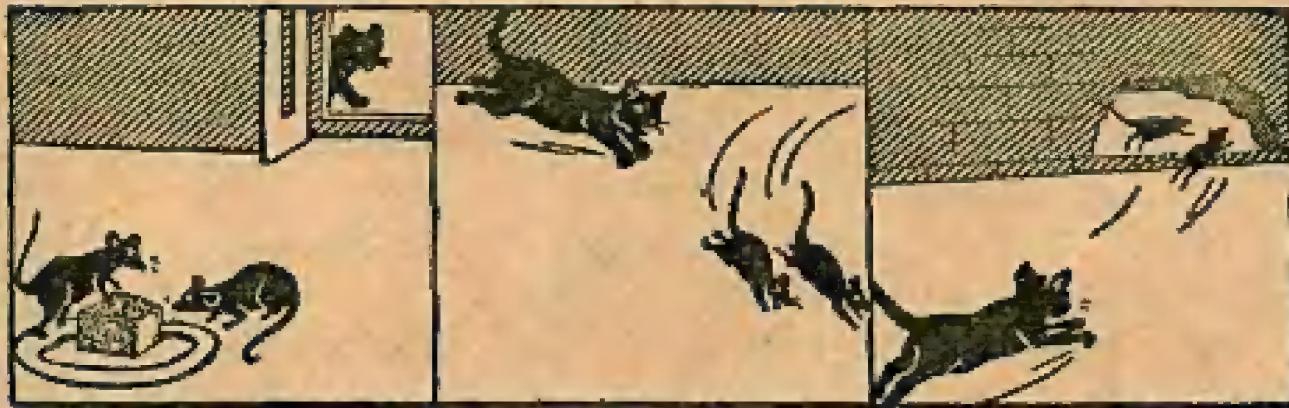
The awards were given away by the President on April 28, at a function that took place in New Delhi.

*

*

*

To encourage quality fruit-growing in the country, it has been decided to organise from this year onwards all-India competitions in five fruits—Mango, Apple, Banana, Sweet Orange and Mandarin Orange (Santra). The competition will be held first at state level and then all-India level. The best fruit-grower in each variety will be awarded a cash prize of Rs. 5,000.



The experimental "time-speaking clock," which gives the accurate time when a particular number is dialled is to be made a permanent feature of the Delhi telephone system. The Delhi clock is the first automatic clock that announces time in an Indian language. Such clocks are to be installed in Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Nagpur and Kanpur.

* * *

Samples of "Virus D," which is believed to be the cause for head cold, were handed over by the Soviet Vice-Minister of Health to a British Research Laboratory. These samples will be used in research into the cause of the common cold.

* * *

An agreement for the purchase of some oil drilling equipment worth Rs. 37.24 lakhs has been signed between India and the USSR. India has already obtained equipment for oil drilling operations along with the services of engineers, geophysicists etc., and eight of our officers are at present receiving training in USSR.

* * *

ON May 5, the five-storey Himachal Pradesh Secretariat building in Simla was completely gutted as a result of conflagration, and all the records were destroyed.

* * *

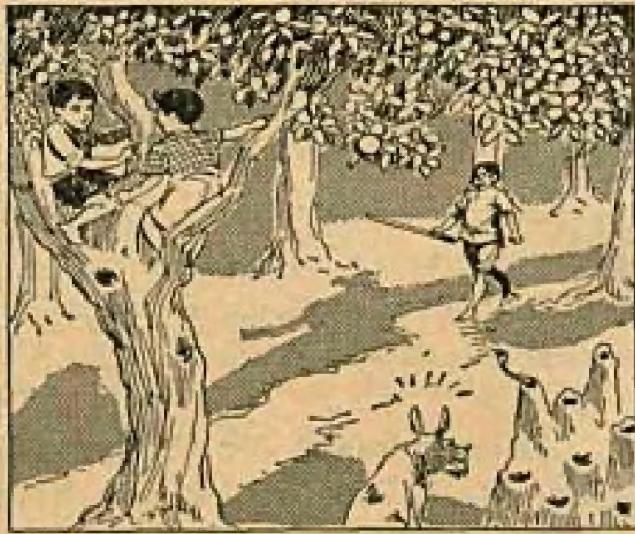
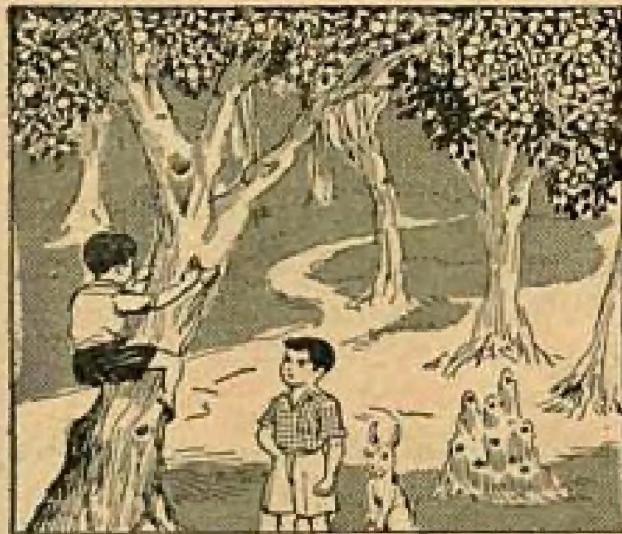
Due to damage to wheat crop in Bihar conditions of scarcity were created there. The Government of India has agreed to supply 60,000 tons of wheat during the next three months.

* * *

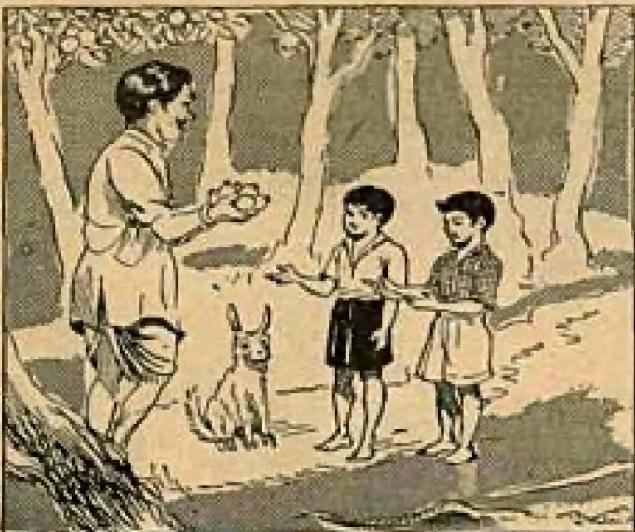
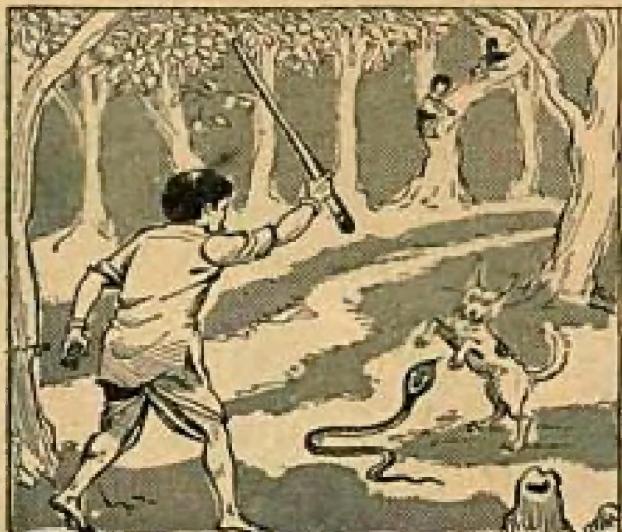
Dr. Rajendra Prasad has been elected President of India for a second term.



Picture Story

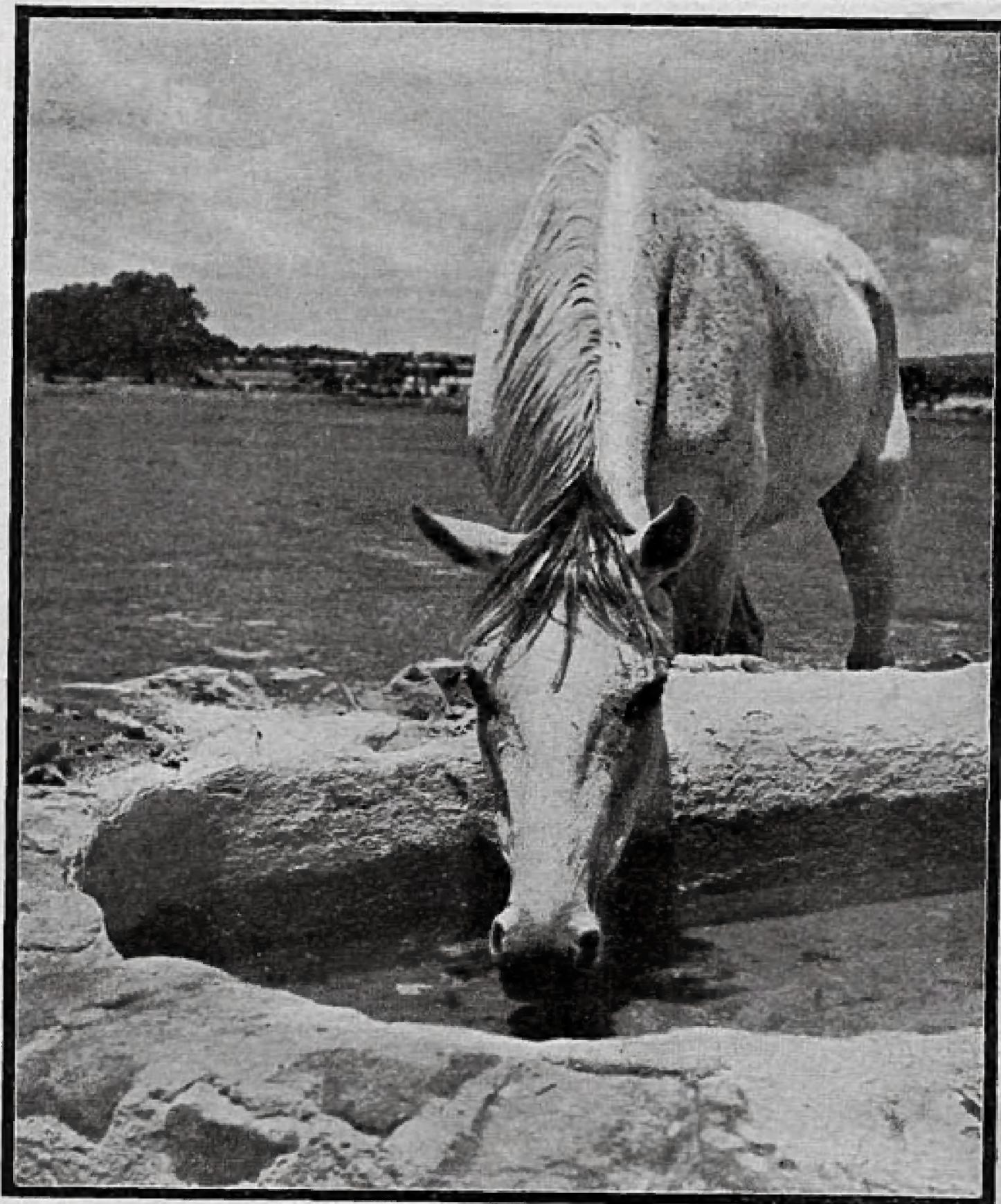


ONE day, Dass and Vass, went to an orchard in order to treat themselves to some fruit. "Tiger" was with them. The owner of the orchard saw the "thieves" and came running. At that very moment a cobra was coming out of an ant-hill at the foot of the tree. "Tiger" barked in time to prevent the cobra from biting the owner of the orchard. The man killed the snake and, out of gratitude to "Tiger", gave the boys all the fruit they wanted.



Chandamama, June '57

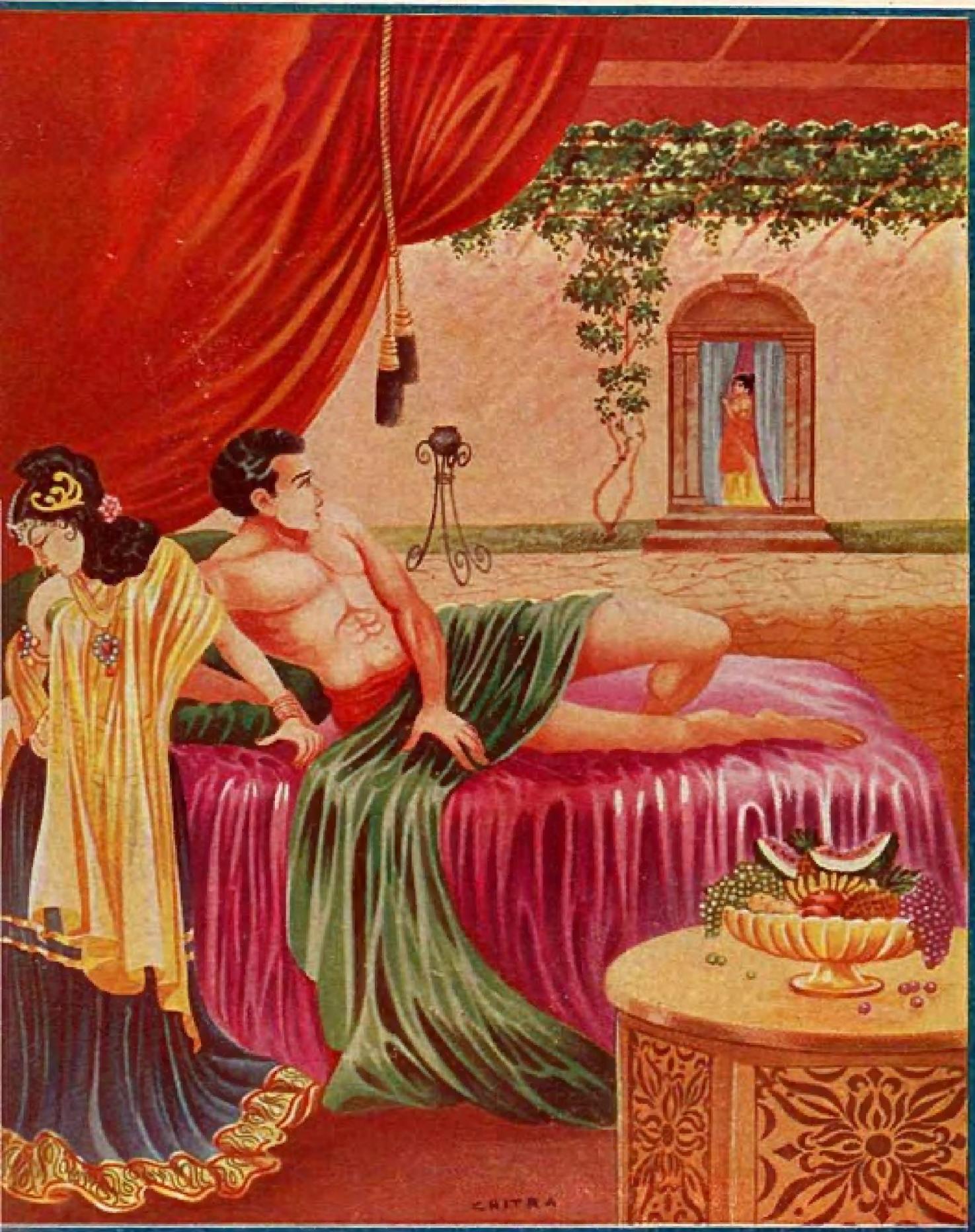
Photo by T. S. Satyan



Winning
Caption

STOP ME IF YOU DARE

Contributed by
Miss N. Balakrishna - Madras



CHITRA